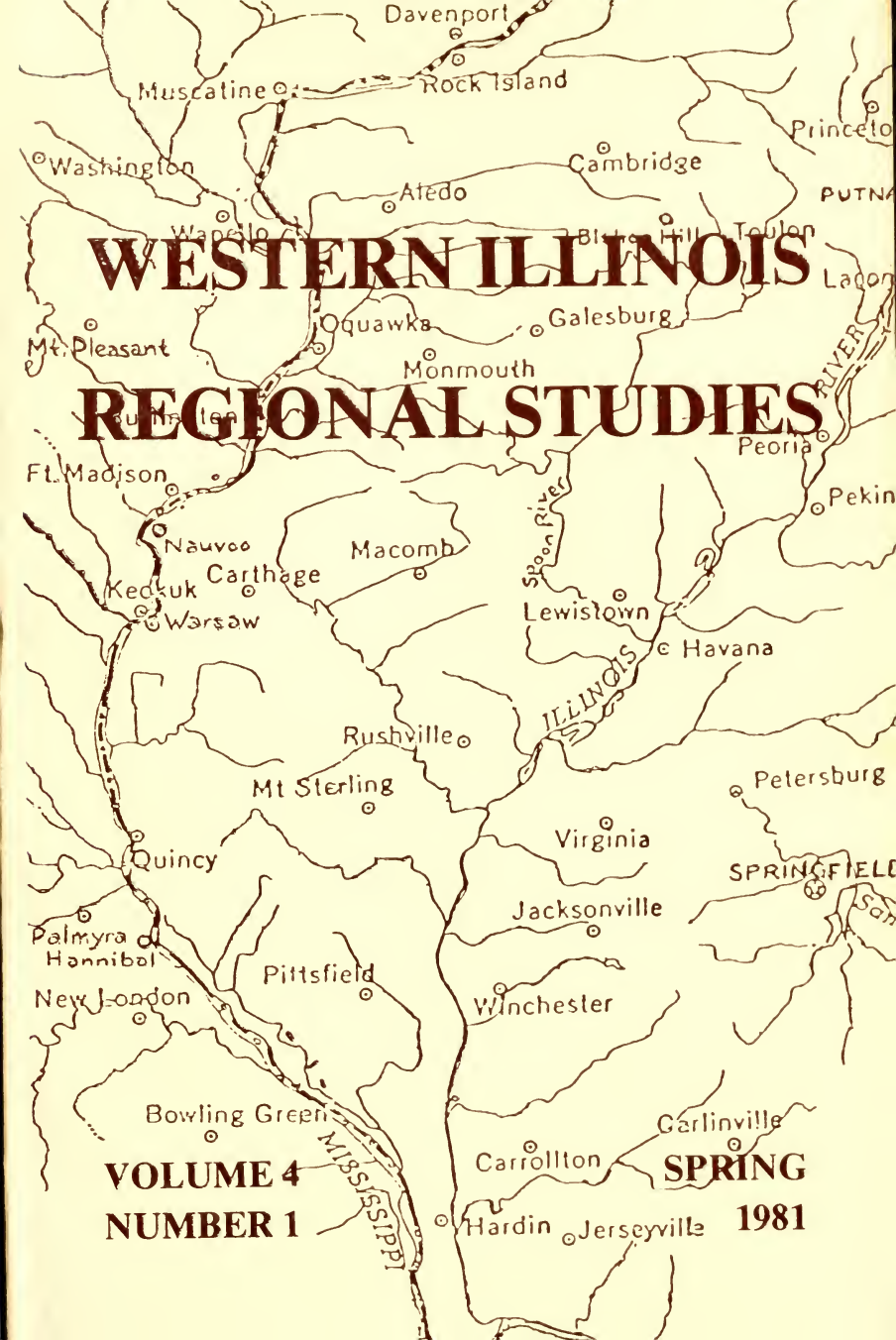
WESTERN ILLINOIS REGIONAL STUDIES



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WESTERN ILLINOIS REGIONAL STUDIES

VOLUME IV SPRING 1981 NUMBER 1

CONTENTS

The Memoir of William T. Brooking, McDonough County Pioneer (Part 1)
Gordana Rezab 5

Two Houses of the Lower Illinois River Valley
William D. Walters, Jr.
Floyd Mansberger 25

The Sorority Movement at Monmouth College
Mary B. Crow 37

Recollections of the Hennepin Canal
Donald W. Griffin 50

Region as Metaphor in the Plays of Susan Glaspell
Marcia Noe 77

Notes and Documents 86

Reviews of Books 94

Contributors 99

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REVIEWS OF BOOKS

Tingley, THE STRUCTURING OF A STATE:
THE HISTORY OF ILLINOIS 1899-1928
By Rodney O. Davis 94

Davis, et al, THE PUBLIC AND THE PRIVATE
LINCOLN: CONTEMPORARY PERSPECTIVES
By John Y. Simon 95

Dunlap, "YOUR AFFECTIONATE HUSBAND,
J. F. CULVER": LETTERS
WRITTEN DURING THE CIVIL WAR
By Victor Hicken 97

THE MEMOIR OF WILLIAM T. BROOKING, McDONOUGH COUNTY PIONEER

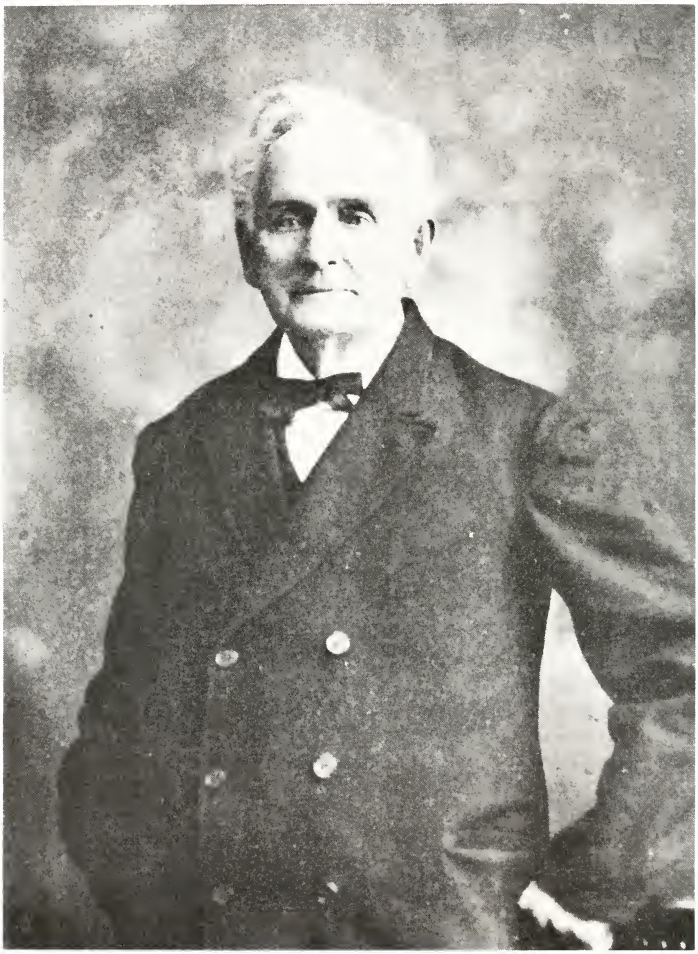
Gordana Rezab

Part I

Small midwestern communities usually do not have reliable and detailed documents about their very early development. As a result, the historical accounts of pioneer life in these communities are frequently based on a combination of official records by government bodies and hearsay, and they alternate in style from accurate and dry to colorful and unreliable. A third major component of such accounts, the success stories of leading early citizens, often overshadow everything else—chiefly because they provide the historian with threads around which he can develop his chronology. The experience of the average citizen is seldom reflected.

The memoir of William T. Brooking helps to fill that informational gap with respect to Macomb and McDonough County. Dictated to his son, William Alvin, in 1906, when the narrator was eighty-two years old, the document nevertheless abounds in details of frontier life. The text survived because the elder Brooking's younger son, Lucian, typed it in 1926 as a Christmas present for another family member. A copy of that typescript was preserved by Dorothy Harris of Macomb, who obtained it years ago at an estate sale and recently allowed it to be duplicated by Western Illinois University Library. The memoir has not been previously published.[1]

William Thomas Brooking was the second son of Thomas Alexander Brooking, a Virginia lawyer and, later, a Kentucky merchant. For reasons that are unknown, the latter became improverished, and then he emigrated to McDonough County, arriving in Macomb during the fall of 1834. Even though William was "not accustomed to labor," he quickly learned to contribute to the family's welfare. Hunting, chopping wood, and harvesting are mentioned in the memoir. Although Thomas Brooking taught school during his first year in Macomb, William had only meager schooling, which was "acquired with difficulty, owing to the tasks which pressed around his youth."[2] He lived at home until 1850, when he married Louisiana Walker. At that time he was twenty six. William



William T. Brooking

then farmed in the same section of Macomb Township (section 7) as his father. However, his health apparently was not good, for his younger son, Lucian, was born in Texas, where the family stayed for a time because of William's illness. He nevertheless continued farming until 1898, when he retired to Macomb. He died in 1909 of kidney failure and was buried in Oakwood Cemetery only a few steps away from where he had lived as a child.

Despite inadequate education, William T. Brooking served for twenty years as a member of a school board, and he was an assessor for Macomb Township in 1870. He also belonged to the Masonic order and was, after the Civil War, a member of the McDonough County Old Settlers' Association.

The 1907 history of the county reveals, in Brooking's biographical sketch, that "a break in the monotony of farming presented itself in the disturbance at Nauvoo, in 1845."[3] As his memoir indicates, he served in the McDonough County militia during the Mormon Conflict. And he may have felt that farming was arduous as well as monotonous, for his portrait, reproduced here from the same history, reveals that he was a delicately built man. Breaking the prairie sod and establishing a homestead must have been for him hard work indeed.

Two aspects of Brooking's narrative deserve special attention. One is the depiction of life in early Macomb. When the family arrived in 1834, the town was not yet four years old.[4] The memoir records various aspects of the small frontier community and its environs. One of the details which has escaped later chronologists is the method of lifting heavy construction materials—mentioned by Brooking in reference to the McDonough County courthouse that was being built when they arrived.

Brooking's recollections also provide insight into the frontier culture of settlers with a Kentucky or Tennessee background. Among those southern uplanders, hunting, storytelling, and camp meetings were characteristic activities, and these are all described in the memoir. Hunting, in particular, played an important part in the life of young Brooking and his fellow frontiersmen.

Since the narrator's mistakes in grammar are a reflection of his lack of schooling—a common cultural handicap on the frontier—and they do not seriously impede the modern reader, they have not been corrected. However, the punctuation of the manuscript has occasionally been altered and paragraphs have been created—since the typescript has no paragraph divisions at all. Because of the length of the memoir, the second half, covering events from 1844 to 1855, will be published in the fall issue of the journal.

I was born about a mile and a half south or southwest of Morganfield, Union County, Kentucky, May 6, 1824. Two years later we removed to Sulphur Springs, in the same county, and lived there five or six years. Sulphur Springs was a health resort in the way of sulphur baths, and many people came for their health. My father, Thomas Alexander Brooking, conducted the hotel and bath house. The country was sparsely settled and we had but one near neighbor. His name was Jim Finley. He was a very active man, and he often ran down the slope from the house and jumped a high stake-and-ridered fence. He was about thirty-five years old, and offered me a dollar for every grey hair I could find in his head, but I failed to earn any of his money, for none were to be found. Nelson Turner came to Kentucky with my father, and worked for him. One day I went to the field with him, and he put me on the plow to ride, and I fell off and broke one of my arms. Another time I wanted to go to the field with him but he objected, and when I tried to follow him he lifted the rail fence up and put my head between two of the rails. After suffering this punishment for a while I was very willing to go back to the house.

It was mostly timbered country around Sulphur Springs, the trees being poplar, pawpau, persimmon, and other forest trees, but mainly poplar around the Springs. On the farm my father lived on, was a mile race track on which there was racing both spring and fall. People would come from far and near and camp out for the week's racing. My father owned a race horse by the name of Restless. He was a bay horse about fifteen hands and one inch high.[5] He was a mile-and-repeat horse, and could run a mile in 1.47. Very good time for that day and age. The only race he ever was beaten was when only a two-year-old. One of his neighbors had a filly, and the day the colts were foaled, they made the race to be run when they were two-year-olds. The filly, being more matured, won, but only by a neck. The race was rematched to be run in three weeks, and was won by Restless. During these gatherings the boys of the neighborhood would run footraces, and I have run around that mile track many a time. The racing days of Restless were over when he stepped on a stump that was level with the ground, in one of his trials, and was hopelessly crippled.

My mother's half brother, John U. Waring, lived about four miles southeast of Sulphur Springs. He was rich and owned a big farm and possibly a hundred Negro slaves. I often visited there. He was an undersized man, but high tempered and a fighter. He was killed by a steamboat deck hand with a stick of stove wood.

As nearly as I can remember, I was about seven years old when my father removed to Princeton, Caldwell County, Kentucky. I think it was about 1831. My father leased a hotel. When the chimneys

would not draw well they put corn fodder in the fireplace and burned them out. The town was watered by an underground creek which furnished good spring water. It was a small town at that time, probably five to six hundred. The stream flowed into a hollow or outlet that was made by the water. On all sides of Princeton was level timber land. There was a mile race track one half mile south of Princeton. My father, who had quit racing, was at the races one day, when a horse flew the track and the rider was killed.

My father remained in the hotel two years and then located on a small farm one half mile north of Princeton. We were living on this farm the summer of 1833, the time of the cholera epidemic. My father attended the cholera patients from the beginning of the epidemic until it disappeared—after about forty people died with it. On this little farm was a sink-hole spring, down about seven feet by steps in the rock. A neighbor boy, who was with my father, put his head down and was drinking between two rocks which came together in a triangle. When through drinking, he was unable to get out, as his head had slipped down where it was narrower, and he was about to drown. I jumped down and pushed his head back, and loosened him up, and saved his life.

I neglected to tell more about John U. Waring. As I said before, he was very rich, and also very high-tempered. On one occasion he became angry at his banker, and he had a Negro boy carry the bags of gold from [that] bank to the one across the street, and it took many trips. On another occasion, he was told that a man in town said he was going to kill Waring when he came to town. He heard about the threat. He dressed himself all in white: white clothes, white hat, and white shoes. Then mounting a white horse, he rode into town to see if the man would kill him, and I suppose, he tried to make himself a good target. It must of been an idle threat, or the man's courage failed him, as nothing came of it. This was characteristic of the man, who was a daredevil. . . .[6]

My father had two Negroes, a man and his wife. The Negro man came from Virginia with my father to Kentucky. His name was Armstead. He was a Baptist preacher. On their way from Virginia to Kentucky, the old Negro would pray in camp every night. My father told the old preacher that every time he prayed, some accident happened. The next day the wagon turned over, and then the old Negro prayed all the harder for "his wicked master." He preached to the Negroes after they landed in Kentucky. Upon one occasion, he was preaching to a Negro congregation in the woods, and becoming tired, he said: "Brethren, I am tired and mens are tired; let's go and get a belly-full of blackberries." The old Negro woman was with us from my earliest recollection, until we left for Illinois. She was left there in a good home and a free woman. She was very old, and I

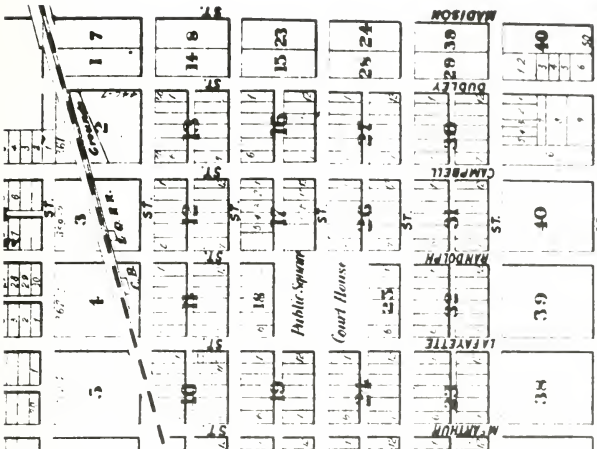
thought a great deal of her. She helped to raise the children, and we called her "Mammy."

About September first, 1834, my father, mother, and seven children, all that were born at that time, four girls and three boys, started to Macomb, Illinois. I was ten years old. All our earthly possessions were loaded in one wagon. The wagon box was the old-fashioned flared schooner style. A yoke of oxen were hitched to the tongue of the wagon, also a team of old horses. The first day out, my younger brother Vivian was walking by the wagon, and fell under the front wheels of the wagon, and suffered a broken collar bone. I pulled him out before the hind wheels caught him. My father was driving with one line on the oxen and with one on the horses. The accident caused a layover of one day.

The next day after we resumed travel, we crossed the Ohio River at a ferry I cannot recall. Our dog would not go on the boat, but preferred to swim the river, which he did. Vandalia and Jacksonville, Illinois, were two of the towns we went thru. We crossed one very wide prairie, called Grand Prairie, and a house in the middle of it was called the half-way house. It was thirty miles across it. We saw some very large sandhill cranes. A tramp travelled with us several days, but disappeared one night, taking my shoes and brother Edward's. It was barefooted for us the rest of the way. We crossed the Illinois River at Beardstown, on a ferry boat. My father told us after we had crossed the Illinois River, that he would never swear again, and I believe he kept his word, as far as I know.

We arrived in McDonough County, Illinois, after a journey of three weeks. We stopped at Joseph McCroskey's, an old friend, who came from Princeton, Kentucky. It was through his influence that the removal to Illinois came about. We also found another old friend, Joseph Wyne, who came from Princeton, Kentucky.[7] McCroskeys lived on Camp Creek, about ten miles south of Macomb.[8] We remained there a week, and then moved into a school house. No other place could be had. It was a school house built of logs.[9] The only available bread was corn ground into meal on a small set of burs owned by our nearest neighbor, Quintus Walker.[10] Being in the timber, wild cats were numerous, and their squalls were often heard on top of the house. Preaching and Sunday school were held in this school house, and went on as usual after we had moved in. Near this school house was a deserted Indian camp ground, and they had left tent poles and hominy mortars. There mortars were made as follows: a stump was cut off on one side, hollowed out, and a deer skin fastened around it.

We remained in the school house about a month, and then secured a house in Macomb. This house was the old checkered front building, and stood across the street from the southeast corner of the



Original Town of Macomb and Western Addition, from *Atlas Map of McDonough County, Illinois*, 1871.

park.[11] I should have said that before leaving the school house, my father made us all a pair of shoes each. Macomb was a very small place in the fall of 1834. Probably from 50 to 100 inhabitants. There were but few houses, and only two business places, one on the Lipe Corner, the other the Bailey [store].[12] About the time of our arrival in Macomb, they put the top plates on the old court house. They were slid up on skids made of long trees.

Winter was on, and the problem was for the family to live through it. My father had twenty-five dollars when we arrived in Macomb. Not much for a family of nine. My father was fortunate enough to get a school in Macomb. The school house was used for a court house and stood on the northeast corner of the square. There was a cornfield where Fisher's Foundry now stands,[13] and with a door frame and a set of triggers, I trapped ten prairie chickens in one afternoon. We managed to get through the winter on prairie chickens, hog and hominy.

In the spring my father traded the team of horses, yoke of cattle and the wagon for a piece of land near where Colchester now stands. It was a wet spring and when my father went down and saw his land it was under water, and he said he would never move on it, so in the summer he traded it for a stock of goods.

In the summer my sister Lizzie married Joseph P. Updegraff.[14] It was considered impossible to have the wedding without cake, and no eggs were in the town, so they put me on a horse and sent me to the country. I rode nearly all day and at last found a dozen eggs, so they had the cake and the wedding.

My father continued with the school during the summer of 1835. I drove a prairie team, breaking prairie for Jacob Hinton on the old Kyle place, now owned by Clugston.[15] When not thus employed, I carried brick in the building of the First Presbyterian Church.[16] The first winter in Macomb, I sawed wood around the town and earned enough money to buy my first pair of boots. My brother Edward also got a pair. He said, "I will wear boots from now on," [but] they got wet and he could hardly get them on, and he was disgusted with boots.

James M. Campbell, Bartelson, and another man wanted to buy the land for the Western Addition to Macomb.[17] My father knew the man that owned it, and these men told him if he could buy it, they [would] take him in as equal partner. He did so, and this gave him a small start. With his large family, who were not accustomed to labor in Kentucky, this was a godsend to him, and as the land increased in value, we all got along.

I think it was the spring of 1837 that my father bought the land upon which Oakwood Cemetery now stands. He built a double log cabin on top of the hill, now the old part of the cemetery. We lived

there about two years, and in this time, my sister Jane married W.H. Randolph. While they were building the cabin, I was out there and went tracking rabbits. The day was foggy and I got lost in the timber, and in wandering around trying to find my way, I came up to a log cabin. The snow was fresh and the tracks led through hazel brush and small trees. Rabbits were very numerous. This cabin was not complete, but the four sides were up, and I climbed up and sat on the top log. I was trying to see where I was. While I was studying over the situation, it occured to me that I could take the back track, and by following my tracks, could get out. I did this and got back to where the men were at work. I was twelve years old at the time.

While living in this log cabin on the hill, my father frequently went fishing in Crooked Creek,[18] a half mile north, and usually caught a good string. The first winter there came a deep snow, and brother Edward and Joe Updegraff went hunting and killed about a dozen rabbits. Some of them were skinned and hung up before the fireplace, with pans beneath to catch the drippings. When they were done they would give me none, for the reason that I had refused to go hunting with them.

Updegraff, with a partner, was making brick on what is now the Chandler place.[19] I had a fine bow with an arrow with a lead ferule on the end. It was not sharp. Coming home from the brickyard, where I had been, a man was walking about a hundred yards ahead of me. I shot in his direction, and I was frightened when I saw the arrow strike the man squarely between the shoulders. Luckily, the man did not get angry. Another time I had been out there and was riding a horse by the name of Rock. For some reason he balked and Old Davy Roll coming along, he laid on the horse with a heavy black-snake whip. The horse finally got enough of the punishment, started, and I had not more trouble with him. Another time they sent me to town horseback to get something in a pail. When I started home, whatever it was in the pail rattled, which scared the horse, and he took me up West Washington Street in a wild run. I finally got him stopped.

While living on the cemetery hill, my father manufactured brick where the Catholic cemetery now is. I worked in the yard carrying brick. I could carry two at a time. They would burn three kilns at a time, about one hundred thousand, and tramped the mortar with oxen. One Saturday night I was at the kiln, and the men there had a chicken roast, stealing the chickens in town. They sent me out after some bread. My sisters had baked a cake, expecting their best fellows the next day. Sneaking in, I got what I thought was a loaf of bread, but when I got to the kiln I found I had stolen the girls' cake. I was accused of it by the girls and confessed, for which I received a good lecture and was lucky to thus escape.

I can well remember the big pole swing. The cross bar was about twenty feet high, and reached from one tree to another about the same distance apart. From this cross bar a single pole was fastened in the middle and made the swing. I was swinging very high, when something broke, and I was landed on my back several rods away. The breath was completely knocked out of me, and I narrowly escaped striking a root of a tree. I soon recovered from the experience. I often went fishing in Crooked Creek, and usually caught a good mess of sunfish. They were about as broad as a man's hand.

My father sold the cemetery quarter in the fall of 1838, for three hundred dollars, and bought the place four and one half miles north of Macomb.[20] The price was seven hundred dollars, and [it was] bought from Louis Temple. The quarter had forty acres broke and fenced, with a double log cabin. In the spring of 1839 we moved on the place. My father made his first trip out to the place in February, 1839, on horseback through a deep snow. After moving out from so near town, it seemed dreary and desolate out on that prairie. It looked like a big undertaking to go out on the prairie to live and make the living. We had no neighbors nearer than a mile. The first year we raised a small crop of corn, and six acres of wheat, which grew so rank it fell down, and we had to reap it with reap hooks. There were no houses north of us as far as where Good Hope now stands, two and half miles. On the east was the Crabb settlement, about two miles. The work in the winter was making rails and supplying wood for the two large fireplaces, and they took a large quantity of fuel. The timber from which these supplies were had was about three miles away. After the corn was gathered, I went to school, when I did not have to haul wood. The winters were then very cold, with a large amount of snow. We made homemade sleds and jumpers.

About 1842 Lyle Murray and Ed Murray came from Tennessee and settled on the place adjoining us on the south, and another settler moved on the place just north of us, so we at last had some near neighbors. The Murrays were great hunters, and told many stories about their hunting bear in Tennessee. Their house was a favorite resort for the boys, who would gather to hear the wonderful tales the Murrays told of their exploits. Many a moonlit night have I sat on the rail fence and listened to them tell about their hunts and adventures with the Indians. Sometimes these old men would take we boys out in the woods coon hunting, and we would follow the hounds all night. These coon hunts were on Spring Creek, or on Crooked Creek.

One of Ed's favorites was a panther story. It was in East Tennessee, and happened when he was about twenty years old. One

night he went afoot about three miles from home to see his sweetheart. It was a moonshiney night, and his route led him through the woods. On his way home, and when about a half mile from his home, he saw a crouching panther, on a limb that extended across the road from a large tree, apparently about ready to leap on him. His eyes were gleaming and his tail moving. [Ed] kept his eye on the panther, and quietly stooping down, he felt around until he found some stones, which were very plentiful in that country. He was a famous thrower, the best I ever saw, even after he was an old man. Filling his pockets with the stones, he stood perfectly still. He felt that his life depended on getting the dogs, and he knew they would come if they heard him call. He called, and presently he heard them running. When they came up, he threw and hit the panther behind the shoulder. He sailed off into the night with the dogs after him, and Murray made his way home as fast as his legs would carry him. I have forgotten whether he said they killed the panther or not.

Ed said that when he was a boy, eleven years old, a bear had been killing nearly all the calves in the neighborhood. His mother sent him, one evening, to drive up the cows. He took the dogs and a rifle, and the dogs treed this calf-killing bear. He had six bullets, five good ones and one defective one. He shot five good bullets at the bear and either missed him or failed to reach a vital spot. The last bullet was not round, but had been left partly flat in moulding. He chewed it until it was round and reloaded his rifle. This was his last chance, and he took a dead level at the bear. He was more fortunate this time, and the bear came out of the tree like a log. The dogs pounced upon him and a tremendous fight ensued, which finally resulted in the death of the bear. He said ever after that he was called the "calf killer" in that country. I would call that quite a feat for an eleven-year-old boy.

While the Murrays lived south of the old place, about three hundred Indians came along, being transferred to the Indian Territory by the government.[21] This was in the early Forties. The Indians were strung out along the road for several miles, all dressed in the wild Indian costume, buckskin, feathers, and moccasins. This Ed Murray was an inveterate Indian hater, caused by trouble with them in East Tennessee. These Indians passed Murray's house. The [Indian] agent said there was one bad Indian in the gang that had sworn vengeance against the white men, and was going to kill one to avenge the killing of his brother by a white man. Ed Murray went into his house, loaded his gun, and if any of them had shown the least hostility, he would have shot them. After a few years the Murrays removed to New London, Iowa. Later these restless men removed to California.

I am a little ahead of my story, as I want to tell a little more

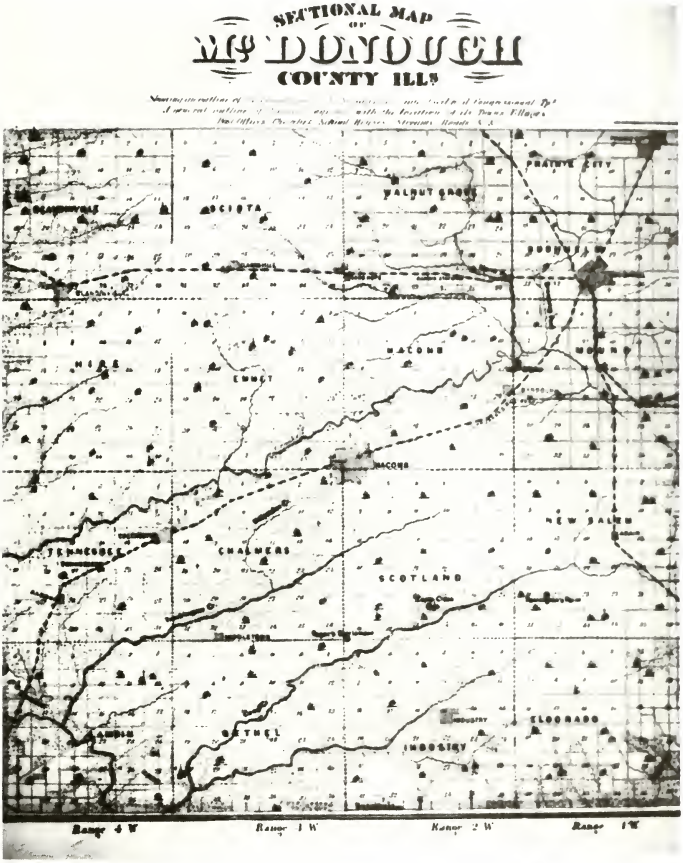
about Ed Murray. Ed said that when he was a young man, in Tennessee, he went to see his girl one night, and rode a very fine bay mare that was a splendid runner. Going through the woods she became frightened at something, and ran away with him. An old pine tree had fallen across the road, with many long sharp spikes sticking up. He expected that she would run into it and they would both be killed, but she made a wonderful jump, and cleared it. A very narrow escape.

Ed Murray was a good Methodist, and although uneducated, he could make a fine prayer. My Father was a Methodist, and he would sometimes ask Old Ed to pray. He was a good man, and I liked him.

Along about this period we had very hard work, but would sometimes go fishing on Saturday afternoons. [We] would sometimes go hunting, and sometimes at night would watch for deer in the shock[ed] cornfields. I here recall an incident that happened when I was seventeen years old. My father threw a piece of a fork handle, about three feet long, at a cow. It struck the cow and, glancing off, struck me in the pit of the stomach. I fell over, as the breath was completely out of me. My Father picked me up, carried me to the house and said, to my Mother, "Louisa, I have killed William." I had sufficiently recovered to hear what he said.

When I was seventeen years old, My father and I, and two other men, went on a week's deer hunt. We located our camp in the southeast part of McDonough County, on Sugar Creek. We were there three days but only got some small game. We then camped on Troublesome Creek, down in the Middletown country.[22] Were there two days but found no deer. While there we found some kind of grave. A pole pen was built around it. They [i.e., the poles] showed no sign of decay and were well laid up. It was about two feet high and covered with poles. This was in the timber. I knew it was some kind of grave, and afterwards learned that it was an Indian's grave. The story of the Indian's death goes like this. The Indian was hunting and had wounded a deer. He approached it with his knife in his hand, to cut its throat. The deer kicked the knife into his heart. The Indian was alone, and when he did not return to the camp on Camp Creek, they went on a search for him and found him dead, and according to Indian custom, gave him a burial. Varying stories are told of this Indian's death, but this is the way it came to me at this early day.[23] Finding no deer near this camp, after two days we returned home and called the hunt a failure.

The following year my father and I, and a man by the name of Motto, and Ben Head, took another week's deer hunt. Having a camping outfit, we camped about a mile east of the Henry Mcelvain farm in the northeast part of Macomb Township. It was near the creek and in the timber, in the vicinity of where the "Lost Child"



Map of McDonough County, from the 1871 atlas map, published by Andreas, Lyter and Co., with additional locations mentioned by W. T. Brooking.

was found, who was lost for three days, in the early days of the settlement of the county.[24] We had better success this time. We would go out very early in the day. Motto and I were about three miles north of the camp, and were walking about twenty yards apart. Ben Head, who was across the little stream, three hundred yards away, jumped up three or four deer. Head stood up in the stirrups and shot, but missed them. The fattest deer I ever saw, a barren doe, ran within forty yards of us. We both shot as it ran by, and it fell. Both of us claimed we hit, but one must have missed, as only one shot was found in the body. I was sure I was the one that had killed the doe, but it was divided. Ben Head killed a deer a few days before. After three days we broke camp and went home. On this hunt my father was at the camp the most of the time. The weather was fine frosty October weather.

The fall of 1840 or 41 my brother Edward and I went on a wolf hunt. We had five or six hounds. We went in an easterly direction, and failed to strike a trail until we got south of the present site of Bardolph.[25] There the dogs struck a hot trail. Running the trail about a half mile, a prairie grey wolf jumped up near me. I was riding a good horse, and gave the wolf a hard run for about a mile, running south towards Pennington's Point.[26] The wolf ran into a slough that was so soft I had to slow down. When I crossed the slough the wolf was a hundred yards ahead. Then the wolf struck a road and run right away from me, and he then slowed up. About this time Edward, who was riding the Billy Walker race horse, passed me like the wind, and the dirt flew fifty feet in the air from the horse's hoofs. He run the wolf about three miles, and ran over him several times. The wolf seemed to know that he could run faster in the road, as he always managed to get back in the road. Edward finally run over the wolf, and jumping off his horse, he caught it by the tail; when it turned to snap at him, he would kick it in the mouth. The hounds were about a half mile back. I reached him before the hounds, and when they came the wolf was soon killed. This happened about four miles south of the present site of Bardolph. We then returned to Bardolph, taking dinner with Durham Creel. Before we came to Creel's, Edward became very sick and vomited freely. Probably caused by the ride and his exertions, but it soon passed off.

One night, the same year, after I had retired I heard some wolves howling southwest of the house. I got out of bed, got my horse and the hounds, and started in that direction. I imagined they were within a quarter of a mile, but I kept going and struck the trail west of the George Upp place, a mile away. A wolf was jumped up, and he started northeast, crossing the road at the McKee place, the adjoining one to ours. The wolf would bark back at the dogs, not seeming to be any alarmed. One of the dogs finally caught him, but

he tore loose, and then ran as though he meant business. I followed them about a mile east of home, and it being very dark, I did not go farther. About three quarters east of the house, the dogs and wolf ran through a crow's roost, where they were roosting in the grass. This was the first I knew that crows roosted in the grass. [In] this confusion the dogs and the trail was lost, and the dogs returned to the house.

Along about this time, possibly a year later, I had another wolf hunt. We had an old sow stray off, and I was hunting her. She was discovered on the open prairie a quarter of a mile west of the house. She had eight or ten little ones. A light rain came in the night, and next morning we went out to get the sow and pigs. The mother was there but no pigs. From indications she had put up a good fight and blood was scattered around. It was a foregone conclusion that the wolves had got the young porkers. This was about sunup, and we got the two wolf hounds and the horses and started to get the wolves. The dogs soon struck the trail, and we three horsemen followed the dogs. The trail went northwest between here and the present site of Good Hope and Sciota. We followed them two or three miles and then lost them on account of the creeks being so high. We stopped and listened for the baying of the hounds. We finally heard the baying over on the present site of Sciota, but in riding over there we found it was another—not our hounds but another pack after another wolf. We followed about ten miles southwest, south of the present site of Blandinsville, almost to Rock Creek, where the dogs caught the wolf. About twenty men had joined the chase by this time. We then returned home.

This wolf was killed by the celebrated hounds belonging to Sim Clarke. He was a great wolf hunter. These two hounds had a record of killing fifty wolves. The names of the hounds were Print and Towser. These hounds were widely known on the prairie, and when they killed a wolf in a strange territory, the tails were cut off and tied around the necks of the dogs, and thus they would return home.

When we had gotten home our dogs had not yet returned, but came sometime in the night. They appeared to be badly worn. A few days after, a man from over east informed us that he saw our dogs chasing a big black wolf. The wolf was in the lead about fifty yards, with its tongue hanging out. We never knew, but supposed they caught and killed it. The scent of these hounds was so keen they could run a hot trail by keeping fifty yards to the side, if the wind was favorable. I know this to be true, as I have seen where the wolf ran, and where the dogs trailed.

In the spring of 1844 my father had hung up the meat in the smokehouse, and had it nicely smoked. One night about twelve o'clock, the four hounds ran through the passageway between the

two log cabins, making a great noise which awakened my father, and he arose and investigated. Some one was stealing meat, and the dogs pushed him so closely that he dropped a ham before he got out of the yard. He ran west and the dogs took his trail. One of the dogs would trail a human being as well as a wolf. I followed a short distance, and then heard a dog yelp like he was hurt. Just one sharp yelp like he was struck with something. I went back to bed, and in the morning we found the ham the fellow had dropped. All the dogs were there but the bloodhound. He was never seen afterwards. A neighbor who lived about a quarter of a mile away was suspicioned, and this is the reason given why the dogs did not hurt him, as they knew him well. It was a mystery that never was revealed, where the dog went, or what became of him. I always thought that the man killed him with an ax, and then carried him away and buried him. He came to us as a stray, and he was our favorite dog.

In these days oil was very scarce, and I wanted some for the purpose of greasing my harness, so I got up one morning about three o'clock, saddled my horse, and took the hounds over to the woods. When we got to the timber the dogs struck a trail that came out of Eyers cornfield, now owned by Byron Bagby.[27] The trail was hot, and they soon treed a coon, after running the trail for a half mile, in a big black oak tree. This tree was in the timber a half mile south of the present site of Thomas McGann's home.[28] When I came to the tree it was still dark, too dark to see the coon, but the hounds were barking around the tree, which was two feet through. I found an ax and [cut] the tree down. When it fell the dogs went pell mell into the top branches of the tree, and the coon ran out and started to go up another tree, and the old dog Primsy jumped high up and caught him and pulled him down. Primsy and Tip then made short work of the coon. I loaded him on the horse and took him home. He was large and the fattest coon I ever saw. I skinned him and nailed his hide on the house. I then built a large fire in the old fireplace and hung the coon by a chain in front of the fire. Put a large pan under, and got over a gallon of fine oil. More than enough to grease all the harness. The roasted meat looked so good that I eat some of it, and I pronounced it good, but none of the others would try it.

In 1842 or 43, wolves had become so numerous that a ring hunt was planned, taking in nearly all of the country. Captains and their aids were appointed in all the neighborhoods. These men were to keep the lines shaped up. Orders were given [to] all the men to beat up every bush and place where wolves could hide. The meeting place for the circle was designated by a high pole with a flag, and was about two and one half miles east of Macomb, out on the open prairie. The general move was from all the different directions to this center. Dogs and men with guns. Orders were, not to shoot a deer,

but to shoot a wolf at any time. When within a half mile of the pole in the center, the circle was a solid mass of men. Within this circle was a wonderful sight. There must have been a hundred deer in the circle and as many dogs. The dogs chased the deer, first after one and then after another, and what a wild sight it was. I saw one big buck jump over a horse and rider, run a quarter of a mile and then die in a clump of bushes. The men kept closing up, making the circle smaller and smaller, and the surprising thing is that there was only one wolf in the ring, and it broke through and a man killed his horse chasing it. As far as wolves were concerned, it was a water haul. The deer were allowed to escape. This hunt was in the fall of the year, and there commenced falling a slow cold rain, and it has been said that all records for drunken men in Macomb were broken on this occasion. They had eaten nothing all day, and many began to drink before eating.

Along in 1843 and 44 deer were in the habit of coming in on the wheat fields. I went out one night about dark and hid in a fence corner. In the moonlight an old buck came up within fifty yards of where I was lying, and stopped broadside to me. I fired and he ran off towards the graveyard that was one half mile directly east of the house. I thought I had missed him, and did not follow. The deer was found dead a few days afterwards by the neighbors. It was a very large buck. The same autumn we had some corn out and shocked. This field was just east of the house, and I went out one moonlight night and laid down behind a shock, about fifty yards from the standing corn. Deer came out of the stalks and came up within sixty or seventy yards. My gun was a single-barrelled shotgun, heavily loaded with buckshot. It was so dark that I could not see the sights of the gun. I fired at the bunch, and did not know whether I hit them or not, but I heard the buckshot rattling in the cornstalks. A few nights afterwards I went out and hid in a fence corner north of the graveyard. The moon was about two hours high. Three deer jumped the fence and entered the field between me and the moon, and about fifty yards away, standing broadside. I could see their eyes shine. I had a double-triggered rifle. I had the gun between the fence rails, and they were looking full at me. When I set the trigger, the slight noise alarmed them, and they jumped the fence and ran, and it was goodbye deer for that time.

In 1845 or 46 I owned an interest in an old chaff piler threshing machine. I was at home and started over to Levi Hamilton's, where the machine was at work. I was riding a high-lifed grey mare. I went down on the south side of North Branch Creek that run through the Bennett farm. On the south side of the creek, on the Stapp farm,[29] was some hazel thickets. A yearling deer jumped out, run about seventy-five yards, and stopped to look back. I fired and the shot

lodged in the neck, breaking it. I took out the entrails, put the carcas on the horse, and went on over where they were threshing. I then took the deer home. This was the first deer I killed that I got.

NOTES

[1] One other short reminiscence by William T. Brooking appeared in the *Macomb Daily Journal* in an issue devoted to the history of McDonough County. In this article, which was only one half column long, William Brooking noted that his family came to Macomb in November, 1834, and that at that time there were fifteen to twenty houses there. The rest of the writing dealt with the difficulties of grinding flour, cooking, and obtaining such necessities as salt. W. T. Brooking, "Early Days in McDonough County," *Macomb Daily Journal,* 17 Dec. 1903, p. 2, col. 4.

[2] Newton Bateman and Paul Selby, *Historical Encyclopedia of Illinois and History of McDonough County,* ed. Alexander McLean (Chicago: Munsell, 1907), p. 835.

[3] Ibid.

[4] The Illinois legislature authorized Macomb as the county seat on December 24, 1830. However, the first plat of the town was not recorded until April 26, 1831. That plat, having been found inaccurate, was replaced by plat number two, which was recorded on March 6, 1835.

[5] "Hand" is a unit of length equal to four inches. It is used especially to measure the height of a horse.

[6] A lengthy narrative on hunting in Kentucky has been omitted.

[7] Joseph E. Wyne, who later became mayor of Macomb, was orphaned at age fifteen. He went to live with Joseph McCroskey and emigrated with him to McDonough County. S. J. Clarke, *History of McDonough County* (Springfield, Ill.: Lusk, 1878), pp. 506-07.

[8] According to Clarke, p. 506, Joseph McCroskey settled on Camp Creek (Section 27, Scotland Township) in 1834. *History of McDonough County, Illinois* (Springfield, Ill.: Continental Historical Co., 1885), p. 713, places him in Scotland Township in 1832. Both histories agree that the Camp Creek Presbyterian Society was organized in his barn on Camp Creek in 1839.

[9] Presbyterian services were held in Camp Creek as early as 1832, but there was no set location of worship. The log schoolhouse was probably in or close to Section 27, Scotland Township, where a cluster of pioneers had settled. The *Atlas Map of McDonough County, Illinois* (Davenport, Iowa: Andreas, Lyter, 1871), p. 58, located a church in the southwest corner of that section, and a school building in the northeast corner of Section 33, approximately one half mile distant from the church.

[10] Quintus Walker, also a Kentuckian, arrived in McDonough County in the fall of 1831 and located at what was known as Roger's Settlement, which was in the northwest corner of Industry and the southwest corner of Scotland townships. *History,* p. 1043. The distance between this and the Camp Creek Settlement was approximately four miles.

[11] The "checkered front" building was only a storeroom erected in 1831 by Moses Hinton and G. E. Robinson. It was the second business enterprise in the county and was located on the northeast corner of the square in close proximity to the original log courthouse. The building was later moved to the southeast corner of Randolph and Carroll streets. Clarke, p. 607. It is not certain when Hinton and Robinson stopped trading out of this building, but it is probable that the edifice was again used for trading in the summer of 1835 when Thomas Brooking "acquired a stock of goods."

[12] The "Lipe corner" of 1906 probably derived its name from the W. M. Lipe store which, according to Clarke, was located on the old Campbell corner. Clarke, p. 623. It is unlikely that Clarke meant Campbell's first store, which was built in 1831 and was located in the middle of what is now Jefferson Street some ninety feet west from its intersection with McArthur. The old Campbell corner was probably the northwest corner of Lafayette and west Jackson streets where James M. Campbell built the first frame building in town, which was used as a store and residence. The date of this construction was 1832. William T. Brooking thus must be referring to the Campbell store as one of the two in existence in 1834. The Bailey store, established by Colonel William W. Bailey shortly upon his arrival in Macomb in 1833, was located on the southeast corner of Randolph and east Jackson streets. *History,* p. 1053. The locations of the two stores, on the east and the west entrances into the square, probably signify that this was the primary axis of transportation through the emerging town.

[13] The site of the Fisher Foundry was in 1834 part of the northernmost tier of blocks of the original town of Macomb. The location was roughly the land north of Calhoun between Lafayette and Campbell streets.

[14] Joseph P. Updegraff arrived in Macomb in the spring of 1834 in answer to a bid to build the second county courthouse. He was only twenty-one years old at the time. *History,* p. 1055.

[15] It is not clear which Clugston place William Brooking had in mind. John B. Clugston was a saddler who retired in 1870. According to McLean, p. 850, Clugston's residence was located on the east side of the 400 block of south Lafayette. The property in 1834 would have been just south of the original town boundary, underscoring again the immediate proximity of cultivated fields to the centers of settlements.

[16] The First Presbyterian Church was buiilt in 1835 or 1836. It was a brick building and was located in the 300 block of east Carroll Street, half a block west from the present structure on the northeast corner of east Carroll and north Dudley.

[17] The Western Addition to Macomb, comprising roughly the area between Johnson and Clay, and Piper and Calhoun streets, was laid off into blocks and town lots for William Richards, Thomas Brooking, James M. Campbell, and John Atkins, and was entered under these names into the McDonough County deed records on April 18, 1836. *McDonough County Deed Records,* Book B, p. 460.

[18] Crooked Creek was the name by which La Moine River was known during most of the 19th century. The origin of the name is uncertain, except that it is a highly descriptive name bestowed upon the stream by white settlers. The original official name of the stream was River La Mine, which is the name used on maps drawn by the Office of Surveyor of the United States in 1817 during the initial survey of the Military Tract. This name, however, did not stick. By 1857 "Crooked Creek" already appeared on the maps. The name is attributed to settlers who had difficulties in crossing the stream. The new name persisted into the 1920's. It changed to "LaMoine" when, according to a clipping from the *Plymouth Star,* "Macomb business men who had named their fine new hotel 'The Lamoine Hotel' said that it wasn't dignifying enough to have the river called 'Crooked' for which their hotel was named." "It Isn't Crooked Creek But the Lamoine River" in Mary Siegfried, *Scrapbooks,* v. A, p. 70 at Western Illinois University, Macomb. The change in name became official in 1932 through the decision of the National Geographic Board.

[19] The location of this brickyard is not known. If William T. Brooking meant that bricks were made where Charles Vilasco Chandler lived in 1906, that would have been the west side of the 200 block of north McArthur Street, well within the limits of the original town of Macomb. However, Thompson Chandler, C. V. Chandler's uncle, owned at one time the entire northeast quarter of Section 36, Emmet Township, which is now the northwest part of Macomb, including the site of Western Illinois University. The brickyard in question

could have been the same upon which the oldest university building, Sherman Hall, has been located. This, however, is unlikely, because bricks were heavy to transport and they usually were manufactured as close to construction sites as possible.

[20] This land was located in Section 7 of Macomb Township. William T. Brooking farmed all his life within this same section.

[21] The Indian migration that the Murrays witnessed in Tennessee was the infamous "Trail of Tears." Indian tribes were forcibly removed from their lands east of the Mississippi River to Oklahoma reservations. Many died along the way from hunger, cold, and heartache. The Murray's accounts, colored as they were by their hate of Indians, did not dwell on this human tragedy.

[22] Middletown was the original name for Fandon. The name implied that the town was a midpoint on the road from Beardstown to Burlington, and that it was also on an intersection of that road and the road between Quincy and Peoria.

[23] The story of the Indian's death differs only in details from a tale told by Beula Selters, an old-time resident of Macomb. The boy in Mrs. Selter's story was called Jordan. He died when the buck he thought was dead, jumped up and pierced him. The locations of the two stories are, however, close enough that they are undoubtedly based on the same incident. Jordan's death occurred near a creek which was later named for the boy, Killjordan. Killjordan Creek, however, empties into Troublesome Creek only three miles upstream from Fandon, the site where William T. Brooking claimed to have seen the Indian grave.

[24] The story of the "Lost Child" is another example of an incident which with time and repeated telling acquired the aura and immediacy of a folk tale commonly known to everybody. The story received much attention in Clarke's history of the county. Its first version, however, was published in the *Macomb Journal* on 15, 22, and 29 January, 1874. The story, related there, was by Imogene Updegraff, who signed herself as Gene Graff. She was the oldest daughter of Joseph P. Updegraff and Elizabeth Brooking, and probably heard the story from her father who was a member of the search party. Clarke's story is somewhat shorter than the account in *Macomb Journal;* in details, however, and in the dialogue, the two versions of the story are almost identical.

[25] Bardolph is located one mile south of an old settlement called Wolf Grove.

[26] Pennington's Point, southwest of Adair, in Section 29 of New Salem Township, was the third settlement in McDonough County. It was located on the Galena Trail which connected Rushville and Rock Island.

[27] This field was located in the southeast quarter of Section 14, in Emmet Township.

[28] Thomas McGann's property was the southeast quarter of Section 23, Emmet Township. The site was represented as timber in the *Atlas Map of McDonough County, Illinois,* p. 6.

[29] This property could not be located. The North Branch Creek was possibly what is today know as the North Fork Crooked Creek which runs through Walnut Grove Township. No Stapp farm could be identified as lying near this stream.

TWO HOUSES OF THE LOWER ILLINOIS RIVER VALLEY

William D. Walters, Jr.
Floyd Mansberger

Of all material remains of the past, houses are among the most informative. Not only do they provide a storehouse of information on aesthetic standards and technical accomplishments, they offer a perspective on family life which can be obtained from no other sources. Thanks to the pioneering work of Fred Kniffen and Henry Glassie, vernacular houses are now beginning to receive significant academic attention.[1] As yet there is no full-length treatment of the common farmhouse of nineteenth-century Illinois. For these reasons it may be of value to look at two such houses in their social, historical, and archaeological context.

During 1979, with the support of the Illinois Department of Transportation, researchers from Illinois State University conducted a survey of potentially significant cultural resources within the right of way of the new highway being constructed between Jacksonville and Quincy. Among the sites located were two farmhouses built during the first half of the nineteenth century. On the east side of the Illinois River, in Scott County, stood the brick Mitchell House; five miles away and west of the river in Pike County was the timber frame Roberts House. The sites invited comparison: the houses had been built about the same time, they were almost exactly the same size, and they occupied nearly identical settings on the talus slope/terrace near the foot of thickly wooded bluffs, each close to where a secondary valley joined the floodplain of the Illinois River. Between the houses stretched a wide, initially unattractive expanse of flood plain swamp and grassland which as late as 1872 was described as fit "only for the grazing of cattle."[2] At the time the houses were built, the property of each builder included portions of three distinct environments: wooded bluffs, talus suitable for cultivation, and bottomland for grazing cattle.

The Roberts House was built either by the elder Evan M. Roberts, who came to Pike County in 1849, or by the man from whom he bought this land, Marshall Ayres. Little is known of Ayres. Roberts was a physician born in England who had spent time in

Morgan County before settling within Pike County. In the 1850 federal census he listed the value of his property as $2,000. His son, a farmer also named Evan M. Roberts, lived in the same residence. Subsequent generations of the Roberts family continued to farm this land throughout the nineteenth century. In each census through 1880 servants or farm laborers who were unrelated to the immediate Roberts family were listed as part of the household.

Had a colonial carpenter been allowed to inspect the Roberts House, he would have found little in its basic structural technique which was unfamiliar.[3] On rough limestone blocks the builder had placed a sill of hand-hewn 10" x 11" timber. At each corner of the front portion of the house he had then raised 8" by 8" uprights from which the inside quarter had been cut away, a subtractive technique common to much early American building and exactly the opposite of the additive technique used by modern builders. To provide resistance against horizontal stress, such as wind, each of these corner posts was linked to the sill and to the structural members of each floor with heavy timber diagonal braces. These beams were linked together with pegged mortise and tenon joints. Principal structural timbers were either oak or walnut. The main floor was supported by two hand-hewn summer beams spanning the width of the house and two girder beams running midway beneath each of the main first floor rooms. The inside end of each girder was tied to one of the summer beams and the outside end rested on one of two massive limestone chimney bases. Mouldings, window and door casings were of hand worked pine. All of these techniques were traditional.

Yet, closer examination shows how the machine age was beginning to make its mark on the Illinois house. For example, lighter studs placed between the main vertical supporting members, while still of traditional oak, were circular sawn, 2" x 4", and placed on quite narrow 16" centers, construction techniques which anticipate the balloon framing revolution begun in Chicago in 1833, but still not general in Illinois.[4] Likewise, flooring throughout the Roberts House is 1¼" x 7" machine-worked tongue and groove pine. Nails, locks, and screws are all factory products—the pointless screws suggesting manufacture before 1846.[5]

In form, the Roberts Home is an I-house, one of the most common and distinctive of all American vernacular designs. The term I-house was coined by Fred Kniffen in 1936 when he sought to explain the presence of this type of structure in Louisiana and connected it with typical folk housing in Indiana, Illinois, and Iowa.[6] Glassie argues that the I-house began to take form in the late eighteenth century as the result of a synthesis between Georgian and folk forms. He writes:

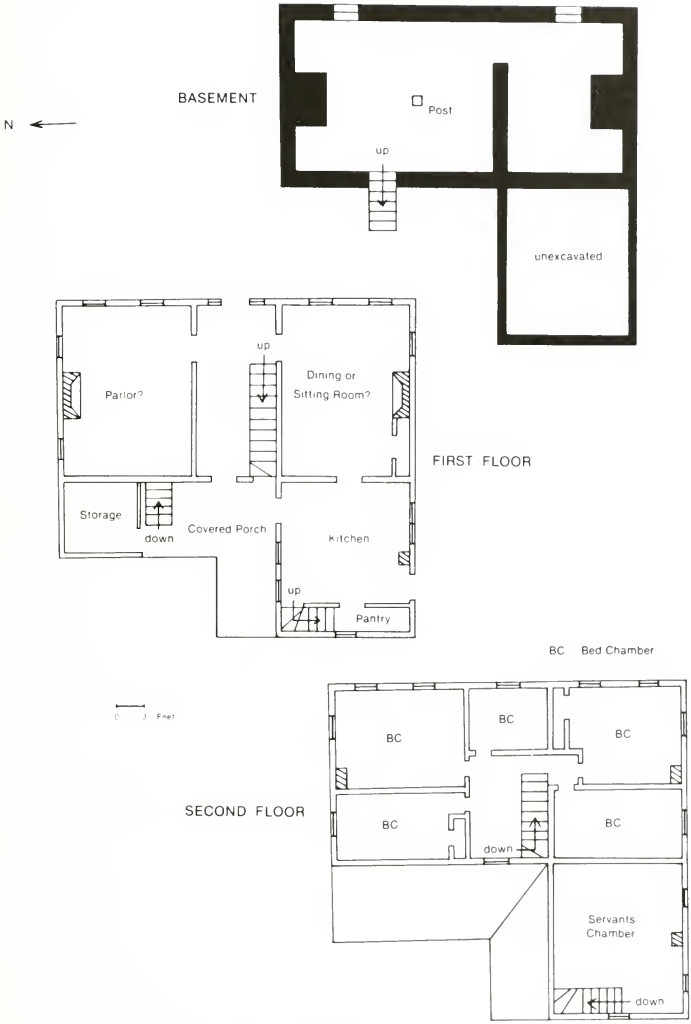


Figure 1. Roberts House Floor Plan

> By reversing the new rules at exactly the point where the tradition and the novelty were in greatest conflict ... an innovation was generated that consisted of the front half of a Georgian type. Basically it was one room deep, like all of the early types, but it incorporated the new central hallway. Thus was born the central-hall I-house, the most common type from the old Tidewater, across the Southern Mountains, out throughout the Bluegrass, and into the lower Midwest.[7]

Particularly when combined, as it generally was in Illinois, with a story-and-a-half kitchen wing extending at right angles to the rear of the main body of the house, the I-house represented an excellent compromise between the functional and the aesthetic. In an age when artificial light was expensive and ventilation strictly the province of nature, the single room allowed a maximum of both. Ventilation was particularly important for the kitchen; in the Roberts version of the I-plan a great deal of exterior surface was exposed without going to the Southern extreme of completely separating house and kitchen (Fig. 1). Since the radiant range of stoves and fireplaces was severely limited, heat loss in such an irregular plan was probably not an important consideration. The plan also provided for a long expanse of rear porch where the muddy paraphernalia of a working farm could be visually separated from the middle class statement made by the front facade of the house.

The east facade of the Roberts House illustrates the aesthetic side of the farmhouse compromise (Fig. 2). It exhibits a rigid bilateral symmetry and a Georgian piercing pattern of five openings above and five below. This symmetry is continued on the north gable end with two windows above and two below but, interestingly, is violated in the south gable which, because of the sharp rise of the bluff, was invisible to all but the most inquisitive visitor, by the omission of one of the lower windows. Treatment of the windows is identical on each floor of the front portion of the house. The classic-revival regularity is reinforced by the returned cornices on the gable ends, the low pitch of the roof and the six-light transom window above the main entrance.

Exterior symmetry is carried into the interior plan of the front part of the first floor of the house. A central hall separates two rooms of identical size, material, and window treatment. Each of these rooms had a fireplace in the gable end with a relatively small (36" high x 45" wide x 15" deep) firebox leading to an interior chimney. Fireplaces and chimneys were of soft red brick and plastered. Each of the rooms was 9'2" high. The rooms presumably functioned as sitting room and parlor, a separation condemned by late nineteenth-century reformers, but essential if the newly acquired possessions which marked the householder as a member of the middle class were to be separated from the grime generated on a working farm.

Cooking facilities at the Roberts House were housed in the

Figure 2. Roberts House from the east

Figure 3. Mitchell House from the southwest

story-and-a-half rear wing. Here were located kitchen, pantry, and a separate staircase leading to a servant's room. Characteristically, there was a chimney but no fireplace in the kitchen. As Cleveland, Backus, and Backus complained to their readers in 1856, "As to close stoves, we like them so little, that we could preach against them with a will, and call them all manner of hard names. But in an age of iron what would it avail? The stove has become universal."[8] The servant's room above the kitchen, accessible only by its own staircase, with sloping ceiling and short windows, was a very common nineteenth-century farmhouse feature. How far back this arrangement can be traced is unclear, but an inventory of the estate of Thomas Waynforth of Royden in the county of Norfolk, England, dated 1665, tells of goods contained "In the servants' Chamber over ye Kitchen."[9] Certainly room height and status were associated. As late as 1926 the architect Marcia Mead could write of the woman "who insisted upon all level ceilings except for the maid's room which she felt did not make so much difference."[10] In compliance with tradition of long standing, family sleeping quarters were separated from those of the servants.

The upper story of the two-story section of the Roberts House contained five rooms above the front porch. The room plan of the second floor is not evident from the exterior of the house; this is common among Illinois farmhouses and casts doubt on the practicality of some suggested classification schemes for houses.[11] Flue holes for stovepipes were available in four of the five upstairs bedrooms, but it is questionable if these are original.

The Mitchell House across the river, while similar to the Roberts House in many basic respects, is a somewhat less typical farm residence (Fig. 3). This may stem from Edward Mitchell's selection of brick as building material or may be related to Mitchell's somewhat higher economic and perhaps social position. In 1835 he purchased 240 acres of land in Scott County for $3,000.[12] By 1850, the first census in which property value was listed, Mitchell recorded his worth at $10,000, making him the second wealthiest person in the township. But his occupation in both 1850 and 1860 was listed as farmer, and there is no doubt that throughout the nineteenth century this house functioned as it had been designed, as the center of a working farm. He was elected to the Illinois legislature in 1842 and held several local positions of trust.[13] Census returns for the Mitchell family show that, as in the case of the Roberts, there were servants or hired farm hands included in the household, and the home was presumably designed to make some accommodation for them.

The Mitchell House is a true brick structure in which the brick walls themselves are the basic load-bearing components. To begin

construction, the builder leveled an area about six feet below the surface of the sandy ground. He then placed the base of his brick walls directly on the undisturbed soil without any additional pad or footing. The weight of the house was supported by a brick rectangle 34′ x 31′ which was divided lengthwise (north to south) into two almost equal sections (Fig. 4). The easternmost of the two long narrow rectangles thus formed was divided again into unequal portions by a cross wall. Wherever the walls were required to support a second story, they were completed up to that level in Flemish bond three bricks thick. Elsewhere, as in the western half of the house, the short crosswall which divides the eastern half of the house and in all of the second story, five-course American bond two bricks thick was used. The floors of the three basement rooms were surfaced with bricks similar to those used in the walls.

The bricks used were hand-made, soft-mud, 8½″ x 4¼″ x 2″, very close to the size which was slowly becoming the accepted standard for common brick in the United States.[14] Each brick had five sanded surfaces and an unsanded one showing linear striations where small pebbles were drawn across its surface as excess clay was struck from the top of the mold. For such an extensive project the brickmaker and his helpers would almost certainly have burned their brick at or near the building site. Two trenches filled with ash or brick fragments were discovered during the 1979 excavations. The sides of these trenches had been subject to extreme heat, and they may represent the location of clamps, or temporary kilns, where the bricks were fired. A handwritten inscription, "September 12th 1840," incised into the surface of a brick recovered from the exterior wall of the north chimney is the single best piece of evidence for the date of the house construction.

Floors for the upper levels of the house were created by spanning the width of the house with 3″ x 8½″ oak joists which were incorporated into the masonry walls as they were built. Wherever joists could not be supported by brick walls, as was the case near the stairwell, a hand-hewn 5½″ x 10½″ oak header was used. On the main floor, joists were covered with 3″ x 8½″ tongue and groove oak planks, but, for reasons which are unclear, on the second floor similarly formed walnut planking was used.

On the main and second floors, window openings were bridged on the inside with oak lintels and on the outside by flat, jack arches, supported by two thin iron straps. As in the Roberts House, the windows are symmetrically arranged and exterior treatment is identical. This practice, together with the use of dentils around the roofline and returned cornices at the gable ends, gave the exterior a suitably fashionable Greek-revival appearance without imposing undue demands on the essentially traditional structural system.

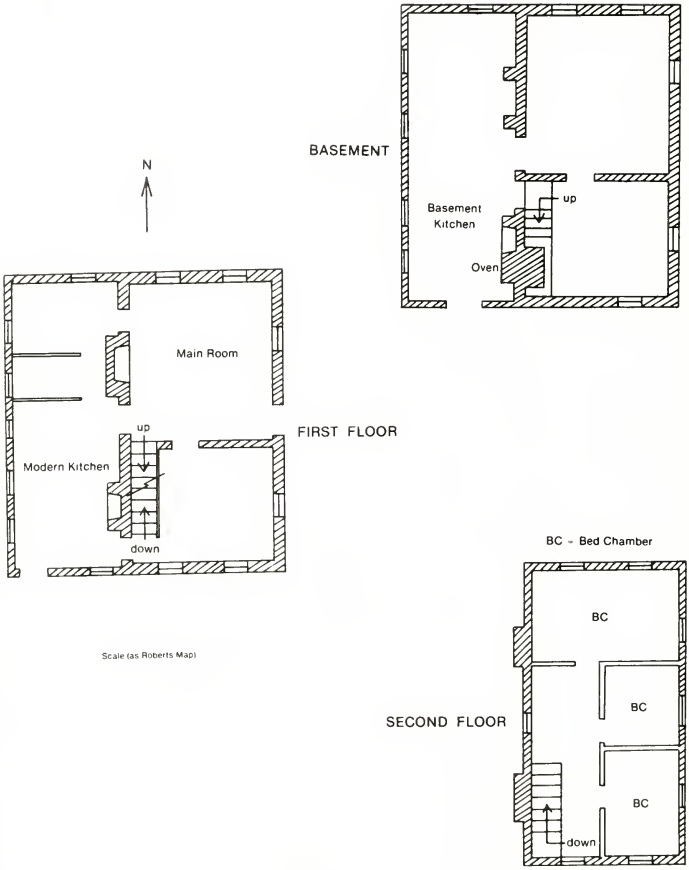
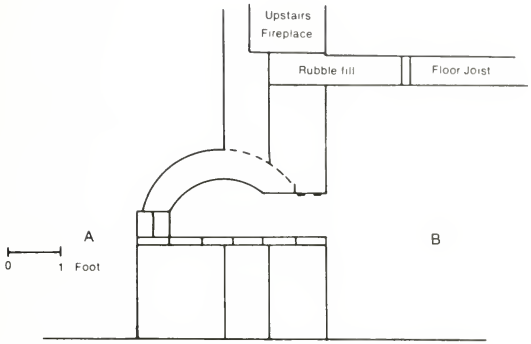


Figure 4. Mitchell House Floor Plan



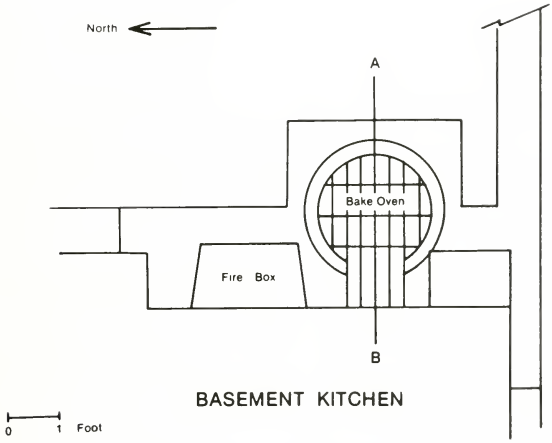


Figure 5. Mitchell House Bake Oven

The Mitchell House dispensed with the central hallway. The formal entry to the house was on the east side; during excavations the remains of a porch which once extended the full length of that side of the house was located. A visitor who came by way of the porch and east entry found himself in a large, 18′ x 16′ and 8′ 7″ high room, lit by three large windows and a seven-light transom above the door, and cheered by a fireplace in the west wall. The walls of this room, like those throughout the first and second floors of the house, were surfaced with two coats of plaster applied over hand-rived oak lath. Nowhere in the house, except for the fireplaces and basement, was exposed brick used as an interior wall surface. Brick was clearly a functional rather than a decorative medium.

From the main room a large entryway led into the modern kitchen; the original function of this room is unclear but its size, fireplace, and easy access to the basement kitchen suggest that it may have been intended as a dining area. Two smaller rooms, their functions now unclear, in the northwest and southeast corners complete the main floor plan. On the second floor were one large and two smaller bedrooms linked by a hall. From the second floor hall a door once led to a small west-facing balcony. There are no provisions for heating any of the second floor rooms in the Mitchell House.

Perhaps the most interesting features of the Mitchell House are the basement cooking facilities. Basement kitchens are fairly common in colonial houses, particularly those in urban areas,[15] and were apparently derived from post-medieval English examples. The earliest documented example was constructed at Longleat, Wiltshire, during the 1547 rebuilding.[16] There are several examples of basement kitchens in Mitchell's adopted state of Tennessee[17] but, perhaps fortunately for those who had to use them, they were never important in Illinois.[18]

The focus of the basement kitchen was the fireplace with adjacent bake oven (Fig. 5). The fireplace was located below the one in the southwest room and was equipped with two stout iron straps which were perhaps designed to support a swinging crane. The fireplace had a narrow wooden mantle. Deeply blackened bricks testify to frequent use. The bake oven was built on a brick platform which extended through the crosswall of the house beneath the stairs and projected into the adjoining room. On the platform a 36″ diameter, 18″ high dome of specially constructed bricks had been built. The oven was without flue or drafthold and was presumably fired with hot coals, which would be raked away when the oven was hot enough to permit baking. After considerable use the bake oven and fireplace were bricked over and replaced with a stove which tapped into the old fireplace flue.[19]

Opposite the fireplace and oven a 2¾" stoneware tile penetrated the west wall of the basement. The tile sloped inward, and excavation revealed that it was aligned with an exterior cistern; two nearby recesses in the wall may be the remains of a sink associated with the tile and cistern. In spite of the large (2'8½" x 2') basement windows the lower level kitchen could never have been a well ventilated or pleasant place to work, and sometime in the late nineteenth century a frame kitchen on the main level was extended west from the house in a location analogous to the kitchen at the Roberts House. This kitchen had been removed before the Illinois State University explorations began. Nowhere in the Mitchell House are there clear provisions for housing servants or hired hands, and it is possible that the other rooms in the fairly high brick-floored basement were intended as sleeping rooms for servants.

The Mitchell and Roberts houses testify to the increasing economic and social maturity of the Illinois River Valley in the 1840's. They speak of a frontier society where a house was no longer purely shelter but had become an expression of the classically-inspired symmetry and detail which that generation associated with the intertwined concepts of dignity and beauty. Yet the houses show that classical ideals often had to be compromised for practical reasons. Mitchell accepted chimneys of unequal size to vent his basement kitchen; Roberts added an asymetrical kitchen wing and porch to the rear to better suit his otherwise neo-classical house to the needs of a working farm. The houses also tell of a generation in which machines had an impact on the details of building but had yet to affect structural techniques.

NOTES

[1] Henry Glassie, *Patterns of Material Folk Culture of the Eastern United States* (Philadelphia: Univ. of Pennsylvania Press, 1969) and *Folk Housing in Middle Virginia: A Structural Analysis of Historic Artifacts* (Knoxville: Univ. of Tennessee Press, 1975); Fred Kniffen, "Folk Housing: Key to Diffusion," *Annals of the Association of American Geographers,* (1965), 549-77.

[2] *Atlas Map of Scott County, Illinois* (Davenport, Iowa: Andreas, Lyter & Co., 1873), p. 35.

[3] Paul E. Buchanan, "The Eighteenth Century Frame Houses of Tidewater Virginia," in *Building Early America: Contributions to the History of a Great Industry,* ed. Charles E. Peterson (Radnor, Pennsylvania: Chilton Book Co., 1976), pp. 54-73.

[4] Carl W. Condit, *American Building: Materials and Techniques* (Chicago: Univ. of Chicago Press, 1968), pp. 43-45.

[5] Henry C. Mercer, *Ancient Carpenters' Tools: Together with Lumbermens', Joiners', and Cabinet Makers' Tools in Use in the Eighteenth Century,* 5th Edition (New York: Horizon Press, 1975), p. 546.

[6] Fred Kniffen, "Louisiana House Types," *Annals of the Association of American Geographers,* 26 (1936), 187.

[7] Glassie, *Folk Housing,* 91.

[8] Henry W. Cleveland, William Backus, and Samuel D. Backus, *Village and Farm Cottages: The Requirements of American Village Homes Considered and Suggested, With Designs for Such Houses of Moderate Cost* (New York: D. Appleton, 1856), p. 141.

[9] M. W. Barley, *The English Farmhouse and Cottage* (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1961), p. 282.

[10] Marcia Mead, *Homes of Character* (New York: Dodd, Mead, 1926), p. 194.

[11] For example, see "Common House, Cultural Spoor," *Landscape,* 19 (January, 1975), 4 and following.

[12] Scott County, Illinois, Deed Book K, p. 53.

[13] N. M. Knapp, *Historical Sketch of Scott County, Illinois* (Winchester, Illinois: Times Job Printing House, 1876), p. 16.

[14] Harley J. McKee, *Introduction to Early American Masonry: Stone, Brick, Morter, Plaster,* National Trust/Columbia University Series on the Technology of Early American Building, No. 1 (Washington, D.C.: National Trust for Historic Preservation and Columbia University, 1973), p. 53.

[15] See, for example, Elizabeth McCall, *Old Philadelphia Houses on Society Hill* (New York: Architectural Book Publishing Co., 1966), p. 83.

[16] Olive Cook, *The English House Through Seven Centuries* (London: Nelson, 1966), p. 104.

[17] For examples, see G. R. Dempster, "Craighead-Johnson House, Knoxville, Tennessee" *Antiques,* 98 (July, 1970), 110-14, and Thomas B. Brumbaugh, ed., *Architecture of Middle Tennessee: The Historic American Buildings Survey* (Nashville: Vanderbilt Univ. Press, 1974), pp. 164-66.

[18] For a recorded example in Illinois, see the Hobson House in Naperville, *Historic American Buildings Survey: Northern Illinois, 1833-1874* (Washington, D.C.: U.S. Government Printing Office, 1968).

[19] For an excellent description of the use of bake ovens, see Amos Long, *The Pennsylvania German Family Farm: A Regional Architectural and Folk Study of an American Family Farm* (Breinigsville, Pennsylvania: The Pennsylvania German Society, 1972), pp. 134-55.

THE SORORITY MOVEMENT AT MONMOUTH COLLEGE

Mary B. Crow

It is not generally known, except for the several hundreds of thousands of pledges who over the past one hundred years have had to memorize the names of the founders, that two of the largest and oldest sororities for women were founded at Monmouth College—Pi Beta Phi and Kappa Kappa Gamma. Today the combined living membership of the two groups is in the neighborhood of 200,000 women, and over 200 chapters of the two are to be found on college campuses across the country and in Canada. So large and popular did the two sororities become that by the twentieth century several women of the first families of America belonged to one or another. Mrs. Calvin Coolidge was a Pi Phi, Mrs. Herbert Hoover a Kappa Kappa Gamma, Barbara Eisenhower, daughter-in-law of Dwight Eisenhower, was a Kappa and Margaret Truman a Pi Phi.

Shortly after the end of the Civil War, fraternities for men were established at the very young and new college at Monmouth, Illinois. According to Monmouth College historian F. Garvin Davenport, "By 1866 Beta Theta Pi, Delta Tau Delta and Phi Gamma Delta had been established. Within the next decade Phi Kappa Psi and Sigma Chi had established chapters on the Monmouth campus."[1]

Early in the spring of 1867 twelve young women of the college met together at the Jacob Holt house and decided to organize into a secret society for women. Each belonged to one of the two literary societies for women at the college, A.B.L. (Amateurs des Belle Lettres) and Aletheorian, but apparently wished for something smaller, something secret in imitation of the men. They organized what was long known as I. C. Sorosis Society, the name being changed years later to Pi Beta Phi. They chose a golden arrow as their badge, with the letters "I" and "C" on the feathers of the arrow. The small badge was worn either in the hair or over the heart.

Early in the spring of 1870 six co-eds at Monmouth, all A.B.L. members, decided to organize a fraternity of their own. Even today Kappa Kappa Gamma Fraternity eschews the word "sorority." According to the folklore of the group the great decision to organize

The Holt House

The Stewart House

was made on a footbridge over a creek that then ran through the campus. The real work of organization, such as writing the first ritual, was done at the home of Judge Stewart on East Euclid Avenue. His daughter, Minnie, was a Kappa founder. Insofar as is known, four girls first met together to talk Kappa, but by the time the new pins arrived from the jeweler in the East two more had joined the others, and so all six are considered founders. The badge chosen as distinctively theirs was a golden key. The original membership grew rather quickly by virtue of economic necessity. The jeweler who made the pins insisted that it was uneconomic for him to make but six and insisted on a dozen at $5.00 per pin. Sixty dollars was a very large sum for the girls to come up with in those days, so shortly after the pins arrived and were first worn by the founding six, six other girls were pledged, three of whom were the Pillsbury sisters of Monmouth.[2] Two of the sisters, at a much later date, gave the bulk of the land that today is Monmouth Park. Before the end came for the original Alpha Chapter some forty girls were pledged, including Miss Lizzie Gowdy, who returned to her college to teach painting and drawing from 1879-82 and who then was summarily dismissed for insubordination.

The *College Courier,* the student newspaper for October, 1870, contains the first public mention of the new group: "The long expected ship hove into sight some days ago and came into port with the admiral's pennon flung to the breeze, amid the shouts of the multitude, 'A sail! A sail!' "[3] The article also says, "They wear a little gold key, sometimes on their foreheads, sometimes on the little blue or red jackets which very much become them. It has three letters on it KK1 [the Gamma was printed backwards in the *Courier*] . . . . We have been able to count only six of them, and, as has been indicated, they are on a voyage of discovery."

On the same page that announced the first appearance (at chapel) of the six with their new little pins, there is an interesting article entitled "College Secret Societies," which editorialized on the harm all of the secret groups might do to the older literary societies. The writer also commented, "Secret societies are formed on the most selfish principles, i.e. that of benefiting their own members to the exclusion of all others from their benefits, (if there are any)."[4]

Both I. C. Sorosis and Kappa Kappa Gamma did not remain local for very long. Writing to friends at other schools, the founders invited some to establish chapters and join the secret sisterhoods. Several of the earliest chapters died at birth, but some did not. Eventually, with from ten to a dozen chapters at other schools established, "National" conventions were held during summer vacation time.

The Monmouth College girls who founded I. C. Sorosis Society

and Kappa Kappa Gamma were unwitting pioneers in the social history of higher education in the United States. I. C. Sorosis, founded in 1867, and Kappa Kappa Gamma, founded in 1870, were the first and third of scores of sororities eventually to be founded at schools across the land. Kappa Alpha Theta, founded at Indiana Asbury College (later DePauw University), was the second, founded early in 1870, and even then there has been hair-splitting as to whether Theta or Kappa founders first "planned" the second group. The sorority movement in America was not an import from the East but was a phenomenon of the Midwest. Eventually, of course, chapters sprang up all across the land and in Canada. Within ten years after the founding of Kappa, Pi chapter was established at the University of California at Berkeley to join chapters already established at the University of Wisconsin, Indiana and Minnesota. Five years beyond that, or by 1885, there were chapters at St. Laurence University in New York state, and at Northwestern, Boston, Syracuse and Cornell universities, to name a few.[5] The same rapid growth of Kappa characterized I. C. Sorosis in the early years.

It is hard to tell from the records available why there was the sudden rush for the women to organize their own Greek groups in the 1870's and 1880's. However, F. Garvin Davenport wrote, "As soon as the men established their fraternities it was only natural that the college women should agitate for organizations of their own. There was a close relationship between the rise of sororities and the women's rights movement that began in the 1840's . . . and the fact that women were admitted on an equal basis with men (at Monmouth) to all academic privileges of the college was an important factor that led to the creation of the first fraternal organizations for college women."[6]

From the first, as mentioned earlier, Kappa Kappa Gamma called itself a "fraternity" while I. C. Sorosis was a "society." The word "sorority" was unknown to all of the founders, or at least as it is used at present as a generic term. Their friends, their brothers, belonged to fraternities, and so it followed that "fraternity" was the correct word to use.

It is doubtful that the founding six members of Kappa and the twelve of I. C. were motivated by a need for social elitism or by intellectual-social idealism. It is possible, however, that the founders may have been responding unconsciously to social currents of their times. Two descriptions of the founding of Kappa, each written a half century later, do indicate a desire to emulate Monmouth's fraternity men and perhaps a certain boredom with the rigid rules and regulations that permeated the college and the literary societies to which each student belonged. Louise Bennett Boyd wrote to Kappa National historian May C. Whiting-Westerman, giving her

Kappa Founder Minnie Stewart

Kappa Founder Lou Stevenson Miller

memories of the founding: "Some time during 1869-1870, Minnie Stewart, Jennie Boyd and myself met for a 'pow wow' in the A.B.L. [a literary society for women] hall and concluded we would have something new. The world seemed to be moving too slowly for us and moreover the young men had chapters of Beta Theta Pi, Delta Tau Delta and Phi Gamma Pi."[7]

Lou Stevenson Miller, also a founder, wrote in October, 1924, "I don't want you to get the idea that we were abnormally smart. We were just a lively bunch of girls with good backing who wanted something different and got it."[8] Both letters were written in the 1920's. Unfortunately the minutes, letters and records of Alpha Chapter of Kappa no longer exist so the historian must depend in part on the memories of women in their late 60's and 70's, who were asked to describe the founding at the time the first comprehensive history of the group was written in 1932. The preamble to the constitution of I. C. Sorosis Society did sound somewhat idealistic, but preambles to constitutions generally do: "Whereas it was deemed necessary in order to cultivate real friendship, establish the real objects of life, and promote the happiness of humanity, we the undersigned ladies of Monmouth College do ordain and establish the following constitution and by-laws for the government of said organization."[9]

Seven years after I. C. was organized, a mere four years from Kappa's founding, the General Assembly of the United Presbyterian Church, which had founded and controlled Monmouth College, decreed an end to secret societies and urged its members to join none in the future. In response to the action of the General Assembly, the College Senate added to the statutes of the college Section 4 of Chapter XIII: "It shall be unlawful for any student of this college, hereafter, to become a member of any secret fraternity, or to connect with any chapter of such fraternity." Students returning to school from summer vacation were apprised of this in a document entitled "Programme of Exercises for the year beginning September 1, 1874, ending June 17th, 1875."[10]

Apparently the college faculty and administration did not enforce the requirements of the church for some two years. The fact that President David Wallace was a Beta Theta Pi, as was at least one son, is not the reason for inaction. More to the point was the fear of large scale "drop outs" by angered fraternity members, some with parental backing. A look at the "Statistics of Monmouth College for the Year ending July 31, 1870," although issued some four years prior to the Church action, gives a clue to the dilemma of the college authorities:

Income from tuition during the year	$ 1,519.70
Other income	$ 6,500.00
Total income during the year	$ 9,821.70
Total expenditures during the year	$12,130.65[11]

An advertisement in the Presbyterian Historical Almanac for 1864 announced: "Tuition at Monmouth College is $16.00 to $26.00 per annum, payable in advance. Boarding, including lodging and fuel, varies from $2.50 to $5.00 per week. Some students board themselves at much lower rates."[12] To lose eight or ten students would have increased the deficit spending of the college.

"The Programme of Exercises, 1874 to 1875" is crucial in the history of fraternities at Monmouth, for it re-stated the tersely worded decision of the Senate. At first it seems to have had little impact on the numerous and powerful fraternal groups on the campus, but eventually pressure from the outside must have grown. Some devout United Presbyterians refused to donate money to the financially struggling institution until the college obeyed the dictates or decisions of the church. A certain James Spencer, Esquire, wrote to the college in early 1878 for information on the fraternity matter.[13] The faculty secretary replied to his query that the faculty henceforth would not allow the social groups to pledge new members and that within a college generation the problem would be solved and fraternities would become extinct.[14]

A bit later students were warned not to wear their badges. The social groups tried to reason with the faculty and wrote them a letter which simply stiffened the resistance of that worried group:

> To the Hon. body, the Fac. of Monmouth College, greetings: After a carful (sic) consideration of present conditions of affairs in college with regard to fraternities and what we consider to be the proper course for us to persue (sic) hereafter we, the members of the undersigned frats in joint session have decided upon the following as our course of action.
>
> We agree to initiate no more members until the senate meets in June, next, when we will petition that body to repeal the law existing against frats. In case the law is not repealed we will then consider any proposition you as a fac. may see fit to offer.
>
> In consideration of the fact that there are no laws in the college statutes against wearing badges, and as members of different frats are now known, we will wear our badges until June.
>
> Very Respectfully,
>
> βθπ κκΓ
> φκγ I.C.
> εχ

The faculty reaction to this defiance was prompt. "Faculty cannot accept this—Must face up to the enforcement of the law," appeared in a brief faculty minute attached to the above student petition.[16]

Although his letter is undated, John B. Walker soon was dismissed from college for wearing his badge. His abject letter to the faculty states: "I hereby petition you to restore me to the rights and privileges of a student at Monmouth College. In making this

application I express my sincere regrets for wearing my fraternity badge and I acknowledge that I ought not to have done so. I hereby pledge that I will not do so hereafter. Should you restore me to the rights of a student I ask you to permit me to have my picture taken with my badge. If the faculty consents to this I pledge myself to wear my badge only while I sit for my picture."[17] In 1878, after expelling another student for wearing his fraternity badge, the faculty relaxed the rule to the extent of allowing seniors to wear their badges when sitting for graduation pictures, but it maintained the prohibition of daily display, even to the extent of firing one art instructor, Miss Lizzie Gowdy, for wearing her Kappa pin on campus.[18]

Parents were interested and concerned, too. Early in 1878 John Carr, C. L. Buck, N. A. Scott, and John Bruen, fathers of I. C.'s, threatened to withdraw their daughters from Monmouth and ominously mentioned a return of tuition. They questioned the right of the college to interfere in events outside the classroom, off campus. The faculty response said that the faculty had no hand in making the new law, that it was a senate enactment, but said, "it is our duty to execute it and if we do not . . . the senate would put in our place those who would execute it."[19]

By the early months of 1878 one group after another bowed to circumstances. On March 29, 1878, the Kappas stated, "The members of the Monmouth Chapter of Kappa Kappa Gamma Fraternity in connection with Monmouth College hereby certify that our chapter has been legally and formally disbanded and the charter and all documents have been placed in the hands of Miss Alice Pillsbury to be held by her in trust and not to be surrendered by her for the purpose of serving said chapter as long as the law against fraternities at Monmouth College is in force."[20] Five Kappa members signed it.

I. C. followed suit, as did each and every other fraternal group. Surviving correspondence indicates that several individuals withdrew even before the action of the group to which he or she belonged: "This is to notify the faculty that Miss Ella Root has separated herself from I. C. Society and is no longer entitled to admission to the meetings of said organization, or to wear its insignia, or to any of the rights and privileges of a member of said society." [21] This letter was signed by Lessie Buck, President of the I. C. Society.

Each and every group—Beta, Sigma Chi, and others—certified that it had turned over its charter and documents to some member or other. In fact, three different letters attest to Beta Theta Pi's new status as a defunct chapter.

The college men seemed to have given up more quickly than the women. As late at 1880 Lessie Buck identified herself to the faculty

as president of I. C. Society. It is known that for some few years thereafter sorority "rush" was held during summer months and high school girls were pledged. Meetings were held in private homes.

There is also a letter that was addressed "To Whom it May Concern" (obviously the Monmouth faculty). It was written by Tade Hartseff, later Tade Hartseff Kuhns of the early Kappa years, one of the fraternity's great leaders as first Grand President. She wrote from New Castle, Pennsylvania on January 26, 1884, and in her note informed those concerned that at the sixth biennial convention of Kappa Kappa Gamma held in Madison, Wisconsin, "there had been considerable discussion and with the understanding that the alumnae and founders of our Alpha should control and operate such a chapter, moved, seconded and carried that these alumnae members retain their charter and that Alpha as such be recognized as a chapter of Kappa Kappa Gamma."[22] Tade Hartseff signed as president.

Right next to the Hartseff letter is a very short and succinct note: "To the faculty of Monmouth College: This is to certify that the Kappa Kappa Gamma chapter here is an alumnae chapter."[23] It is not dated. It was signed by Kappa founder Minnie Stewart Nelson (later Field). Perhaps Mrs. Nelson had attended the Madison convention and gained support for her group from it.

A few months after the Hartseff letter "To Whom it May Concern," the Monmouth Alpha members gave up and asked that the initial charter be withdrawn. The year was 1884. The seventh biennial convention, with love and sympathy, agreed. It was a pro-forma withdrawal of the so-called charter, for as nearly as can be ascertained, no charter ever existed. There seems to be agreement that some sort of a document was drawn up. No doubt Judge Stewart, the father of Minnie, helped to give it a legalistic sound, and he apparently promised to take it to Springfield on his next trip for registration with the proper authorities. No such document exists, and perhaps never did exist. It is possible that Judge Stewart felt that it was unseemly for a document, a charter, written by teenagers, girls at that, to interfere with the busy and serious activities of a state government of Illinois.

The sorority movement at Monmouth College was both a professional and a family problem for Dr. David Wallace, the institution's first president. He was a minister in the Associate Reformed Church, a graduate of Miami University, and a former student at the Associate Reformed seminaries at both Oxford, Ohio and Allegheny, Pennsylvania. He came to Monmouth from a church in East Boston, Massachusetts, feeling a challenge in the call to head the new frontier college. He arrived in the autumn of 1857 and began his work as pastor, president, teacher, and perpetual fund raiser. His salary was $1,000 per year, $800 of which was paid by the First

United Presbyterian Church, with the other $200 to be paid by the almost penniless college. He did not always receive that part of his salary promised him as president.

Two other men served with him on the first faculty at Monmouth: James Brown and Marion Morrison. The latter was Wallace's long-time friend and college roommate at Miami.

The problems Wallace faced at the fledgling college were daunting—always a lack of money, the need to build, over-work, and the Civil War. Four years after Wallace arrived at Monmouth, the North was at war with the South. Almost overnight the campus was without young men. In the end the college furnished 232 men to the Union armies and one out of eight died in the cause. The tiny institution struggled on, for Wallace had written, "We must educate, whether there be peace or war."[24] His last struggle came as a result of the ban on fraternities. So, worn and weary, he told his faculty that he soon must retire, and this he did in 1878.

His retirement years were spent in Wooster, Ohio, and there his young daughter, Elizabeth, known as Lizzie, entered college. Three years ago an old diploma was discovered in the archives, granted exactly 100 years ago, to L. L. Wallace. Investigation revealed that for some reason Lizzie returned to Monmouth and graduated here. That framed diploma now is in the Alpha Chapter room of Kappa Kappa Gamma.

The fact was, Lizzie pledged Kappa at age fifteen, during the very time her father was trying to stamp out social groups at Monmouth. Also found in the college archives was a letter from Wallace, written a year after he had left Monmouth for Ohio. He was anxious to know how his successor was doing, and then he said to his correspondent, "Lizzie wishes to join a society here (Wooster) and I wish she would not after all that trouble about the society at Monmouth."[25] Lizzie had pledged Kappa before she was old enough to enter college. She no doubt attended meetings held sub rosa in private homes. One assumes that she was a headstrong child, clashing with her harried father over the matter and proving not to be the docile submissive minister's daughter that was expected during the Victorian period.

Lizzie Wallace Taggart, an Alpha Kappa and member of the Monmouth class of 1880, returned to campus at the time of the reinstallation of the Alpha deuteron chapter back in 1934. In the photograph of the returning Kappas posing before the building named for Lizzie's father, Wallace Hall, there she is, stout and very much in the middle of things. She was a very early Alpha Chapter member in spite of the opposition of the United Presbyterian Church, the college senate, the faculty, and the wishes of her college president father.

The battle against the student fraternal groups on Monmouth's

campus was a losing one. Phi Kappa Psi fraternity gave up its national charter, but the men promptly organized a secret local group (Phi Kappa Pi, or the Big Eight) and today claims the longest continous life as a campus fraternity. Early in the twentieth century, when one or two young men were charged with membership in the group by President Thomas McMichael, he was politely but firmly told that as long as two men of the group were on the campus there would be a chapter.[26] McMichael's own son became a sub rosa member of Phi Kappa Pi, the local that eventually found a home as a chapter of Alpha Tau Omega.

While the ban against fraternal groups eventually was lifted by the United Presbyterian Church in the early 1920's, as early as 1900 a local group of girls organized a secret society called Zeta Epsilon Chi. This group became the nucleus for a reestablished chapter of Pi Beta Phi. At about the same time that the Zeta's organized, so did the girls who, as mature women and members of Kappa Alpha Sigma, worked long and assiduously for recognition by Kappa Kappa Gamma. Finally, some thirty-four years after the Kappa Sig's organized, the National Grand Council, with the support of the majority of the members, re-instated Alpha Chapter at Monmouth College. Lizzie Wallace Taggart was present, as mentioned, but the focus of attention was on two quite elderly women, the two living founders of Kappa, who were back on the campus of their alma mater some sixty-four years after they had ordered and worn their small golden keys for the first time.

NOTES

[1] F. Garvin Davenport, *Monmouth College, the First Hundred Years, 1853-1953.* (Cedar Rapids, Iowa: Torch Press, 1953), p. 92.

[2] Letter written by Mrs. Lou Stevenson Miller, Kappa Kappa Gamma founder, to an unknown correspondent in October, 1924. Copy in the possession of Mary Crow. The letter contains her memories of the founding, fifty years after the event.

[3] "A Sail," Monmouth *College Courier,* October, 1870, p. 5. Monmouth College archives.

[4] "College Secret Societies," *College Courier,* October, 1870, p. 5.

[5] May C. Whiting-Westermann, *The History of Kappa Kappa Gamma Fraternity, 1870-1930* (Published by the Fraternity, 1932), p. 870.

[6] Davenport, p. 94.

[7] Whiting-Westermann, p. 3.

[8] Letter from Lou Stevenson Miller, October, 1924.

[9] Davenport, p. 93.

[10] Much that appears in this article comes from a collection of letters pasted into a loose-leaf file that is a college correspondence file dating from 1862-1878. They are

arranged more or less in chronological order. The author has drawn conclusions as to dates from known events at the college because many notes and letters were undated. For lack of a formal title, this collection will be referred to as *Correspondence File, 1862-1878.* The file now is in the college archives.

[11] Ibid.

[12] Ibid.

[13] Ibid.

[14] Ibid.

[15] Ibid.

[16] Ibid.

[17] Ibid.

[18] William Urban, with Mary Crow, Charles Speel, Samuel Thompson, *A History of Monmouth College Through Its Fifth Quarter-Century.* (Monmouth: Monmouth College, 1979), p. 82.

[19] *Correspondence File, 1862-1878.*

[20] Ibid.

[21] Ibid.

[22] Ibid.

[23] Ibid.

[24] Davenport, p. 47.

[25] Letter from Dr. David A. Wallace to Dr. Ed Reid, Professor of Latin, Monmouth College. Exact date illegible except for 1878. Monmouth College Archives.

[26] Conversations with Mr. Victor Moffet, former owner/publisher of the *Monmouth Review Atlas* and long-time member of Phi Kappa Pi and Alpha Tau Omega. Spring, 1980.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE HENNEPIN CANAL

Donald W. Griffin

The story of the Illinois and Mississippi Canal or, as it is more commonly called, the Hennepin Canal, is a little-known page of state history. Conceived as a major transportation link in the movement of agricultural products from the Upper Midwest to Chicago and Eastern markets, the main line of the canal was a seventy-five mile route from the great bend of the Illinois River west to the Mississippi River. While the route reduced the distance of shipping products between the Upper Mississippi River and Chicago by more than 400 miles, it was never an efficient means of transportation. The Hennepin Canal was obsolete when the first ship was locked through in 1907, and today most people would be hard-pressed to trace its route on a map.

Still, the Hennepin Canal has qualities that should not be overlooked. For the first time, portland cement instead of cut stone was used in building the locks, dams, and aqueducts of a canal—a precursor to the technology used in constructing the Panama Canal.[1] Earlier canals, such as the Illinois and Michigan, were built as a series of locks and waterways to by-pass an unnavigible portion of a river. Those canals were supplied with water from the upstream end, or highest point of elevation on the river. Because the elevation of the Hennepin Canal was higher than the Illinois and Mississippi rivers, waters were drawn from a still higher elevation on the Rock River, and "fed" into the main channel to flow east and west through a series of locks. This engineering innovation was also used in the construction of the Panama Canal.

Of equal importance are the impressions that the canal made on people who, in one manner or another, were associated with its history. Some of these impressions are recounted here. They reveal the contribution made by the canal in creating a sense of place for people in the waterway's vicinity over many decades.[2]

The concept of a canal that would link the Illinois and Mississippi rivers had its beginning in the fever of land speculation and the press for internal improvements that characterized state politics in the

1830's.[3] However, it was not until 1866 that a canal route was surveyed. Later surveys were made in 1870 and 1882-1883. Construction of the Hennepin Canal from Milan to the Mississippi River by the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers began in 1892 and was completed in 1895, and the other sections of the waterway were constructed between 1894 and 1907.[4] The main line extended from the Illinois River below Bureau to the Mississippi River west of Milan (Fig. 1). The Rock River formed part of the canal route east of Milan, and the canal feeder ran from Rock Falls on the Rock River twenty-nine miles south to the main line between Sheffield and Mineral.

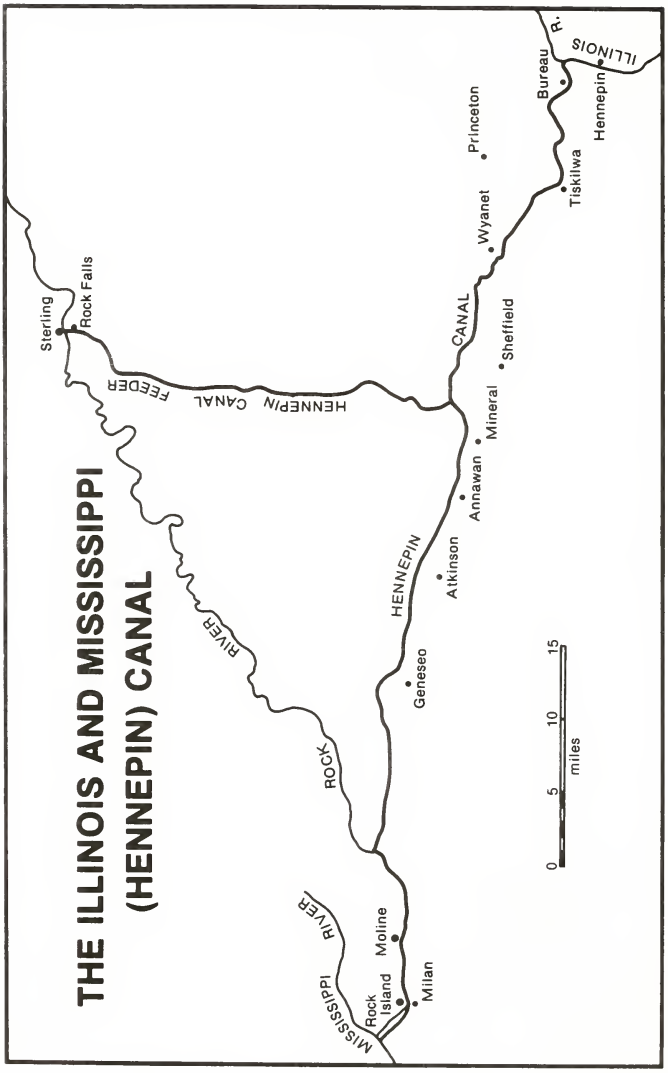
The canal was opened to traffic on November 8, 1907. The first ship through was the steamer *U.S. Marion,* and decades later Dorothy Ill remembered the excitement created by its passage: "That was such an important event that schools were closed in many a township so that children might witness the historical event. I had the privilege of riding from Lock 2 to Lock 3, which was possibly three-quarters of a mile. But it was a thrill."[5]

Locks on the Hennepin Canal were numbered consecutively beginning with Lock 1 on the Illinois River. Because of later navigation improvements that raised the river level, the lock is now under water. Clarence Sapp, who worked on the canal as a laborer, carpenter, marine fireman, and foreman for forty-five years, recalled the unusual living conditions of the workmen at Lock 1: "The men at Lock 1 lived in a seven-room floating houseboat. It was tied to a piling, and if the river got up into the canal, the boat would just automatically raise itself up right on the piling."[6]

From Lock 1, the canal ascended 196 feet in eighteen miles to the summit at Lock 21 west of Wyanet (Fig. 2). The summit between Lock 21 and Lock 22 was eleven miles in length. Because this section was higher in elevation than the surrounding land, two sets of emergency gates were constructed to stop the flow of water if a break occurred in one of the canal's banks.

From Lock 22, the canal descended to the Rock River and then to Milan and the Mississippi River at Lock 32. A guard lock (Lock 33) controlled the flow of water from a dam on the Rock River at Rock Falls into the feeder to the main line at the summit. Each lock was connected by telephone. Clarence Sapp described how the telephone system was used:

> As soon as a boat entered the canal channel out of the [Illinois] river, the locktender at Lock 1 notified the locktender at Lock 2 that it was coming and as soon as he locks the boat through, he will let him know that it is coming his way. So, the locktender empties his lock and opens the lower gates, and this boat can enter the lock with the gates open. And he closes the gates and fills the lock chamber to raise the boat to the next pool elevation, and then out it goes to the next lock. The man


THE ILLINOIS AND MISSISSIPPI
(HENNEPIN) CANAL
Sterling
Rock Falls
HENNEPIN CANAL FEEDER
RIVER
ROCK
MISSISSIPPI RIVER
Rock Island
Moline
Milan
Geneseo
HENNEPIN
Atkinson
Annawan
Mineral
CANAL
Sheffield
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Princeton
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Figure 1.

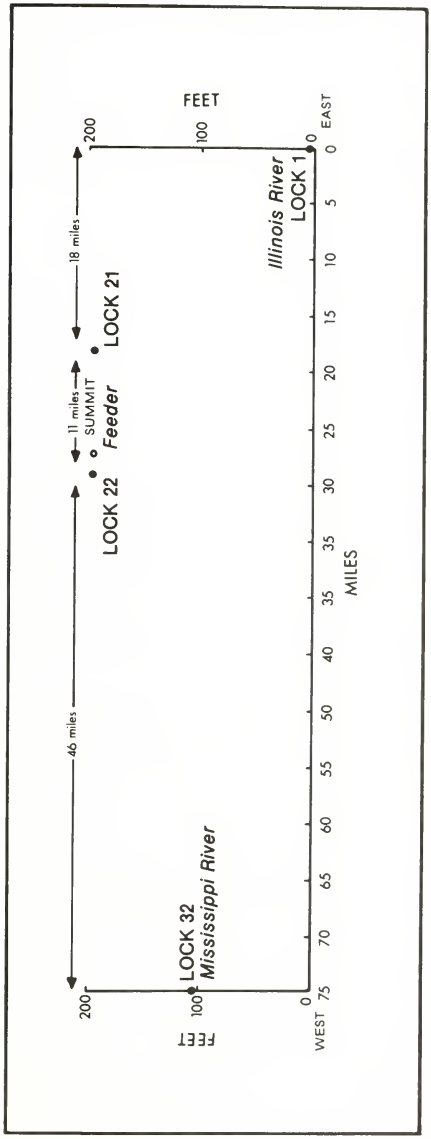


Figure 2. East-west profile of the Hennepin Canal. The vertical scale is exaggerated.

> at Lock 2 will notify the man at Lock 3, and usually if the phone was ringing, all of the locktenders would get on and say we know what's coming and will be ready for it. Each man knew ahead of time to get his lock ready, and it took fifteen to twenty minutes to make each lockage if he just used a single lockage.[7]

If a boat had more than one barge (tow) that, in combination, exceeded the length of the lock, each barge had to be passed through separately.

Each locktender was provided with a house, as were the patrolmen whose main responsibility was to check for possible breaks in the canal's embankments. In some instances the locktender doubled as a patrolman. Also, houses were provided to overseers who were responsible for the administration of the canal's sub-sections, which varied in length from four to twelve miles. Canal employees were encouraged to keep livestock, which were allowed to graze free on the canal banks, and the lockmen and patrolmen were granted exclusive trapping rights in the area adjacent to their homes.[8] In addition to supplementing income, the grazing stock helped control the grass cover, while trapping reduced the potential for breaks in the canal's banks. My father, Daniel Verne Griffin, remembered the damage caused by muskrats: "Muskrats would mine out the bank and bring corn in to store in underground bins. Pretty soon they got this shell next to the water so thin that the water pressure would push her out, and the more water that rushed through, the bigger the hole got. At one time out at Van Hulle's (farm) there was probably a breach in the bank twenty feet long."[9]

Equipment sheds and barns were built adjacent to the houses, and warehouses, workshops, and boat repair facilities were constructed at points along the canal. Also, the Corps of Engineers built icehouses and sold permits for $1.00 per 1,000 square feet of ice cut.[10] As my father recalled, "The icehouse was just east of Hansen's Bridge. They used a big horse to pull the saw and then men to cross saw it into cakes. They laid a layer of ice in the building and spread sawdust over the top of it and when you got through it looked like a place with nothing but sawdust, but it was full of ice. This is where they got the supply of ice for Sheffield, Buda, Manlius, and Neponset."[11]

From the time of its opening in 1907, the canal served as a major recreational facility and was a favored location for fishing, swimming, and boating during the summer months. Boating activity was especially heavy on the summit because of the uninterrupted eleven-mile stretch of water between Lock 21 and Lock 22. Recreational boats moving between the Illinois and Mississippi rivers made extensive use of the canal as well. My father described the recreation provided by the canal in the summer when he was a small boy:

> My earliest recollections of the canal were when I was about seven years old and my Uncle Fred Runft had what they called a buckboard. It was a single-cylinder vehicle on a platform and you steered it with a lever in the middle. There was room for two people to ride in it, and my brother Muggsy and I, we rode in the back with our feet dangling over. We went fishing out to Jack Smith's Bridge, and it didn't take us long to catch fish that day. We got out there when the crappies were running.[12]

Clarence Sapp provided the following comments about swimming and a description of a memorable pleasure boat:

> The swimming in those days was just out of this world. You could jump in and open your eyes under the water. You could see your arms and body, and you could see the bottom of the canal.
>
> In 1939 I met this lady who came into the canal at Lock 1. She was from Florida and the boat was named "Copperclad" and on the master's report she noted that it was worth $250,000. I believed it because it had a copper bottom and the little doors on the side were copperclad. She had a Japanese cook, a Japanese waiter, and a special pilot. After she made the trip through the canal and came back, she said it was the most beautiful stream in the United States. She had traveled all the way up from Florida to New York City and entered the inland waterway. She said that the canal was the last place she had been, and hoped that she could make it back every year. I suppose something happened because that was the last time I saw her or her boat.[13]

My father also recalled how he and other youngsters used the canal during the winter months when it was frozen over and closed to barge traffic:

> There were five of us and we all had Northern Light shoe skates, and we had blocks to put on to walk around the locks. The reason we skated on the canal was that the west wind would blow off the snow. The first time we went to Mineral and there was nothing to it. So the next week we decided to go to Annawan. The next week we went to Atkinson, and coming home somebody said that next week we would go to Geneseo.[14]

The main purpose of the Hennepin Canal, however, was to provide an efficient means of commercial transportation between the Illinois and Mississippi rivers. This purpose was never achieved. The Milan-Mississippi River section, which was opened in 1895, was an important route for the movement of coal, but after 1907 these shipments ceased. Most of the tonnage hauled on the main line during the first five years of operation consisted of supplies and equipment used in the canal's operation. Later, elevators were constructed on the feeder, and grain was shipped to distilleries in Peoria and Pekin on the Illinois River.[15] However, the shipment of grain and other products often presented problems. My father described a couple of them:

> They had little 400-series grain barges and they would push two of them because it was all downhill to the Illinois River. When I worked on the Illinois River for Mechling, every once in awhile we would pick up one of these and take it to Pekin. The barges were so small that once

> on the Illinois River they were like corks.
>
> They would bring steel down to International Harvester in the Cities. Later on when the water level was down and the peat beds were close to the top of the water, I remember there was a fellow hauling steel to the factories and he had a brand new Chrysler motor on his boat. It started to heat up, and he shut it off and came to town and asked for help. I went out with him and we took the engine all apart and cleaned the mud out. Come to find out that his whirl (propeller) was running in the peat dirt. He said, "This is my last trip. I can't stand this. Pay a lot of money for a motor and ruin it on one trip." If I am not mistaken, he shipped his boat back on a train.[16]

The peak year for commercial traffic was 1929, when slightly more than 30,000 tons of freight were barged through the canal. (Today, larger tows on the Lower Mississippi and Ohio rivers are capable of moving 30,000 tons of freight in a single trip.) The following year only 18,000 tons of freight were carried on the canal. Yearly tonnage totals continued to decline in the late 1930's and early 1940's. On July 1, 1951, the Hennepin Canal was closed to commercial traffic.[17]

The commercial failure of the Hennepin Canal could have been predicted before construction began in 1892. As initially planned in the two surveys conducted in 1870 and 1882-1883, the canal was to have a water line (bank to bank) of 160 feet, a depth of seven feet, and locks seventy feet wide and 350 feet long. However, when constructed, the canal's water line was eighty feet, its depth was seven feet, and the locks were thirty-five feet wide and 170 feet long.[18] The decision to build the Hennepin Canal was prompted largely by political pressure; the decision to reduce its capacity to move commercial traffic was also based upon local and regional politics.

If the Hennepin Canal had been built to the standards recommended in the 1870 and 1882-1883 surveys, extensive improvements would have had to be made in the Illinois and Michigan Canal and the Illinois River, both very expensive undertakings. Further, water power interests on the Rock River objected to the lock standards recommended in the two surveys, claiming that the increased diversion of water would adversely affect manufacturing activities. The reduction in lock size also appeased business interests threatened by the amount of traffic that would be diverted from the Illinois and Mississippi rivers once the canal was open to commerce.[19]

The decision to limit the size of locks helped seal the fate of the Hennepin Canal. The lock dimensions were still much larger than those on the Illinois and Michigan Canal, which could accommodate boats with a maximum length of 108 feet and a width of seventeen feet.[20] Consequently, commercial freight shipped on the two waterways either had to be in barges that could pass through the

smaller and obsolete Illinois and Michigan Canal, or be transshipped to and from larger barges on the Hennepin Canal. Later, when navigation improvements to the Illinois River included locks 600 feet in length and 110 feet in width, it was the Hennepin Canal's smaller dimensions that governed barge size.

The nature of the route from the Illinois River to the summit compounded the liability of reduced lock size. Barges had to pass through twenty-one locks in a distance of eighteen miles, with several of the lockages being less than one mile apart. If a tow was pushing more barges than could be passed through in a single lockage, the length of time to travel the eighteen-mile section was doubled. Other economic factors that led to the demise of the Hennepin Canal were the Great Depression, the Rock Island Railroad (which paralled the canal's course), the construction of U.S. Route 6, and the advent of truck transportation. An interesting example of the geography of transportation can be seen in several areas between Sheffield and Geneseo. Within a distance of one mile or less are found the Hennepin Canal, the Rock Island Railroad, U.S. Route 6, and Interstate Route 80. All had or have the same economic purpose—the cheap and efficient movement of people and freight—and each has competed with the others to accomplish this purpose.

Physical factors also contributed to the closing of the canal. Major breaks in the canal's banks occurred with increasing regularity during the 1930's and 1940's, in some instances washing out locks and aqueducts. Silt eroded from adjacent agricultural lands added to the deterioration of the canal, and by 1950 there were some sections where the water was so shallow that only pleasure boats could be passed through. After the canal was closed to commercial traffic in 1951, the problem of siltation increased as drainage tiles and storm sewers were permitted to discharge into the channel.

In 1961, the Corps of Engineers began rehabilitation work as part of an agreement that would ultimately transfer the canal right-of-way to the Illinois Department of Conservation. On August 1, 1970, the State of Illinois accepted full title and ownership of the canal, now known as the Hennepin Canal Parkway.[21]

Rehabilitation substantially altered the flow of water through the canal. Most of the locks were modified by removing the gates and constructing a concrete breastwall at the upper end to maintain a five-foot flow of water. Bridges that crossed the canal were removed and replaced by earthen dams and culverts. The result, especially on the summit, is that vast stretches of the canal are little more than stagnant pools that continue to be filled with silt. Clarence Sapp and my father summarized the present condition of the canal with the following observations:

> My wife and I and two friends got into a boat and went up to what we call Olson's Cut. There was a tube washed out and there wasn't more than three or four inches of water all the way across the canal.[22]
>
> While the water was up in the canal at its normal level, I never went out there in my life that I didn't catch a good mess of fish. That one time when you were home and we went out there just after they let the water down, you know what happened. We got skunked.[23]

In addition, wooded vegetation now obscures large sections of the previously grass-covered tow paths, and in several sections the banks continue to deteriorate.

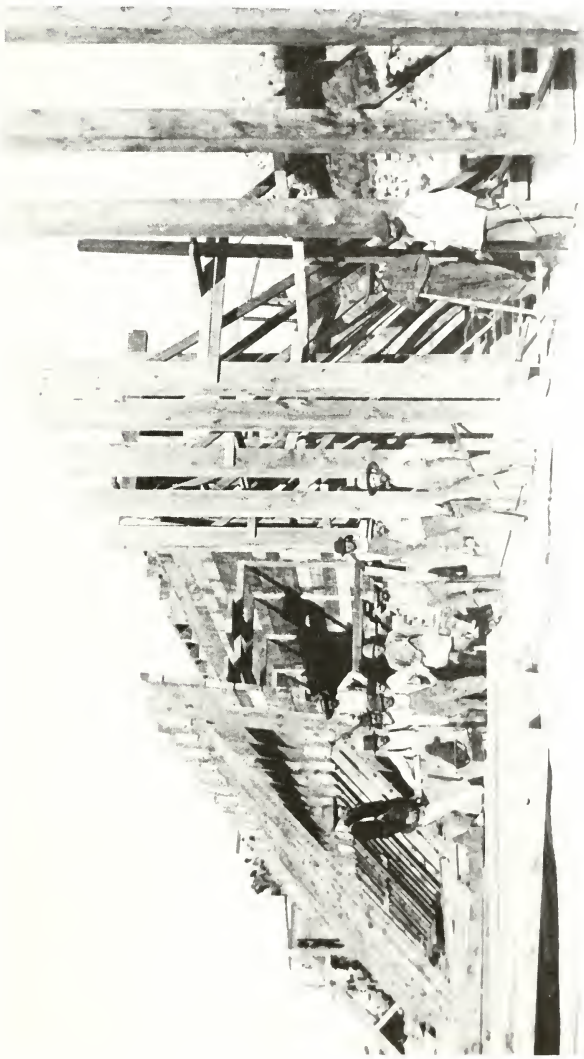
My own recollections of the Hennepin Canal are those of a young boy growing up in Sheffield, Illinois. They are probably colored by the passage of time, for most of them reveal the world of the canal as a sort of lost paradise. They include the first fishing trip with my father, and my father teaching me to swim, or more correctly to dog-paddle. Sundays in the summer spent at Hansen's Bridge, fishing, swimming, and listening to the White Sox. Ice skating in the winter. Cursing the speedboats when you were trying to fish. A classmate, the son of a patrolman on the summit, who earned $400 each winter by trapping muskrats. Jumping off the bridge at the eastern emergency gates on a dare. Catching an eighteen-pound carp by hand after the canal went out of its banks.

The legacy of the Hennepin Canal depends upon one's perspective. As conceived, the canal might have been a vital, commercial link between the Illinois and Mississippi rivers. As constructed, it never achieved this potential. More than $7,000,000 was spent in constructing the waterway. A similar amount was spent in the operation and maintenance of the canal during its effective operation between 1908 and 1951.[24] Considering the small amount of commercial traffic that moved through the canal, it was a poor investment of public funds.

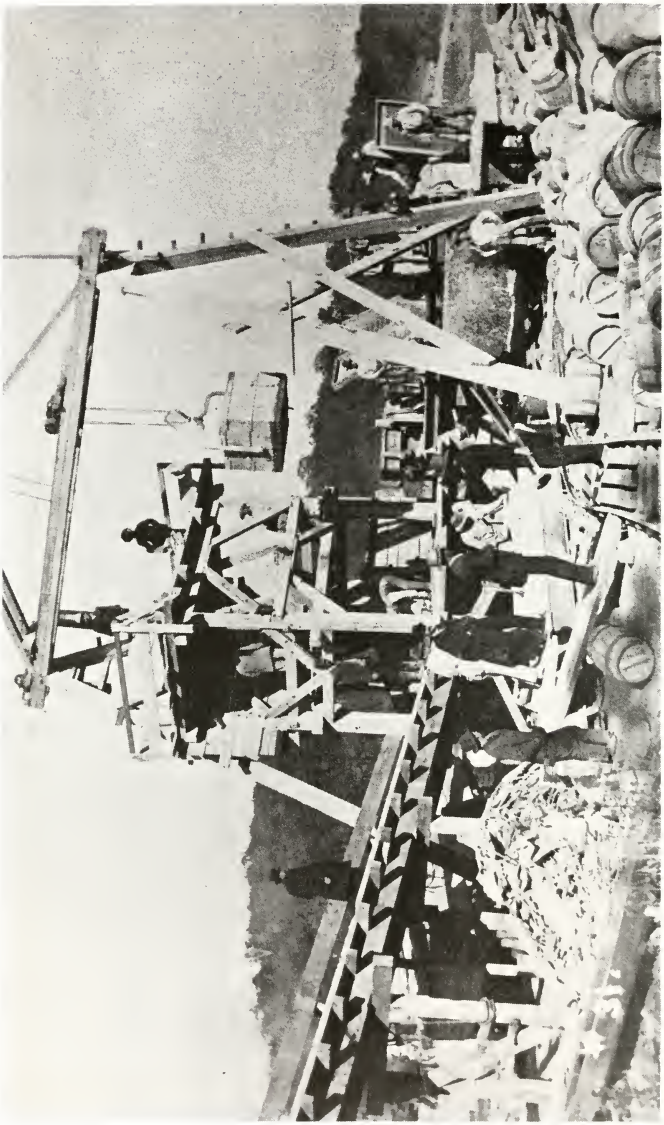
However, in its forty-four-year history, the Hennepin Canal exerted a profound and lasting influence on the people of western Illinois. This is the legacy that should be remembered. For me, it is effectively expressed in the words of Clarence Sapp and my father:

> When I first started on the canal, it was the most beautiful thing in the world. The eastern section was mowed fence to fence and the locks were kept immaculate. They had flower pots and flowers all over the locks, and they kept the grass mowed 500 feet below and above each lock. The homes were just beautiful, all of them. It was a wonderful canal.[25]
>
> It was beautiful out there. The banks were mowed and cattle and horses were pastured out. There was no such thing as tall grass and weeds. You could get out there in the best clothes you owned and walk on that ground just like you would walk across your yard at home.
>
> When I was in California, I talked with a fellow from Polo, Illinois, and he wanted to know where I lived. He said he used to go fishing at the canal all the time. Another time in California, I went to get a haircut,

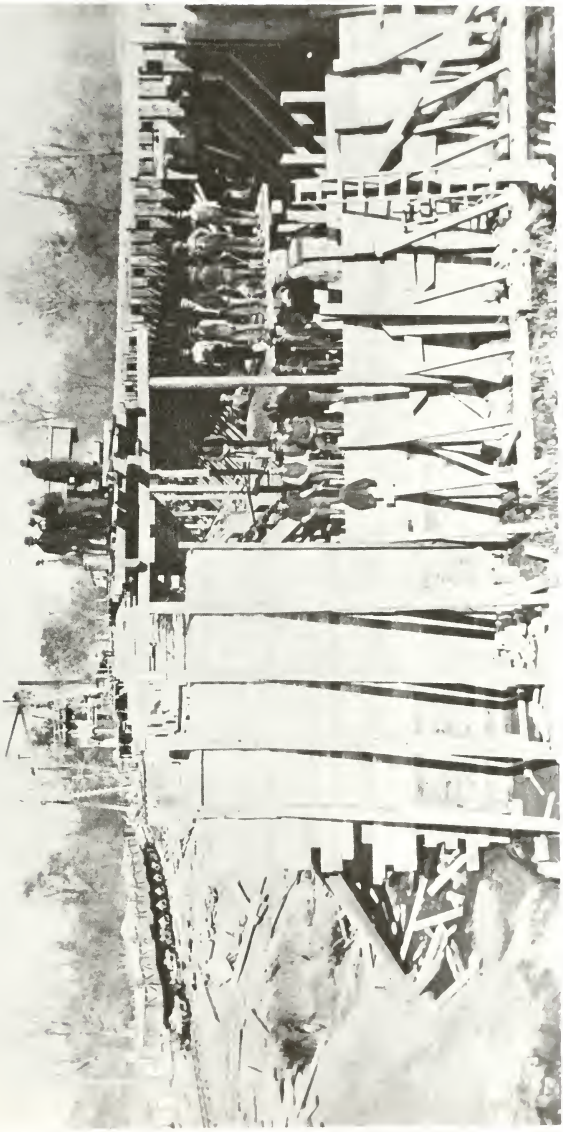
and the guy said "Your're from Illinois?," and I said, "Yes." He said that every weekend when he lived in Peoria he would go to the Hennepin Canal fishing. You run into people all over the country who used to come here.[26]



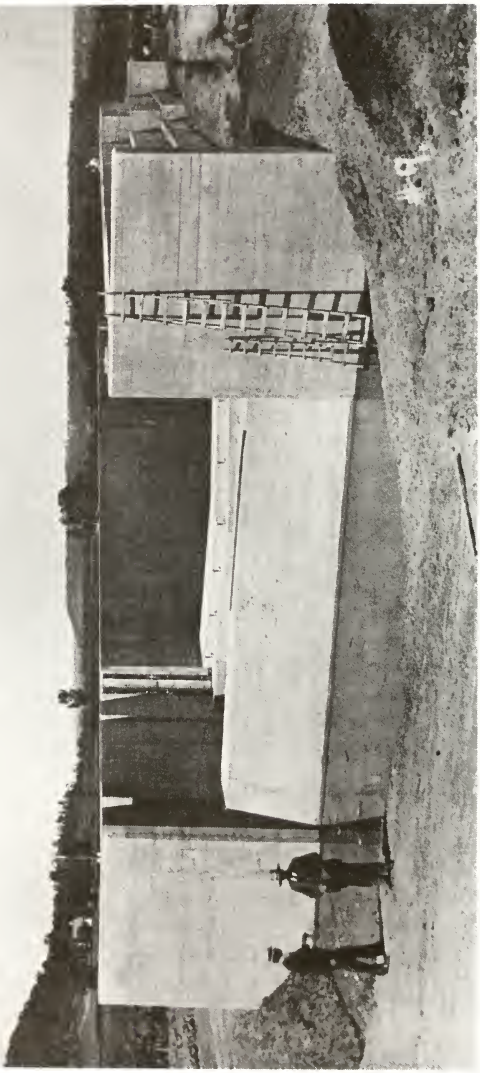
The initial construction of a lock on the Hennepin Canal. Tracks were laid on the scaffolding to move pre-mixed concrete to the side forms of the lock. The following two photographs illustrate how the concrete was lifted, transported, and poured into the lock forms. (Photograph courtesy of Clarence Sapp.)



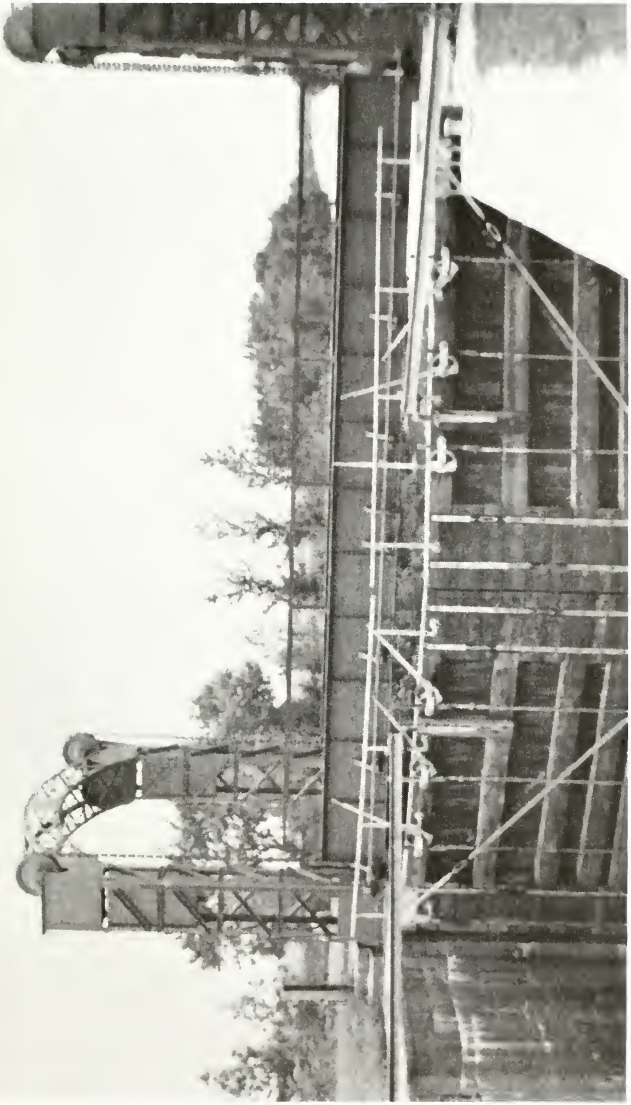
The discarded barrels in the foreground contained portland cement. (Photograph courtesy of Clarence Sapp.)



(Photograph courtesy of Clarence Sapp.)



A nearly completed lock (Lock 5 west of the Illinois River, 1895.) (Photograph courtesy of Clarence Sapp.)



Restored lower mitre type gates at Lock 22 on the western end of the summit. Note the girder lift bridge.

Upper portion of Lock 19. The original gates have been replaced by a concrete breastwall to maintain a five-foot water depth.

Construction of a culvert at Lock 6 to permit stream flow beneath the canal foundation. (Photograph courtesy of Clarence Sapp.)

Aqueduct over the Green River on the feeder north of the summit.

Construction of the dam across the Rock River between Sterling and Rock Falls. (Photograph courtesy of Clarence Sapp.)

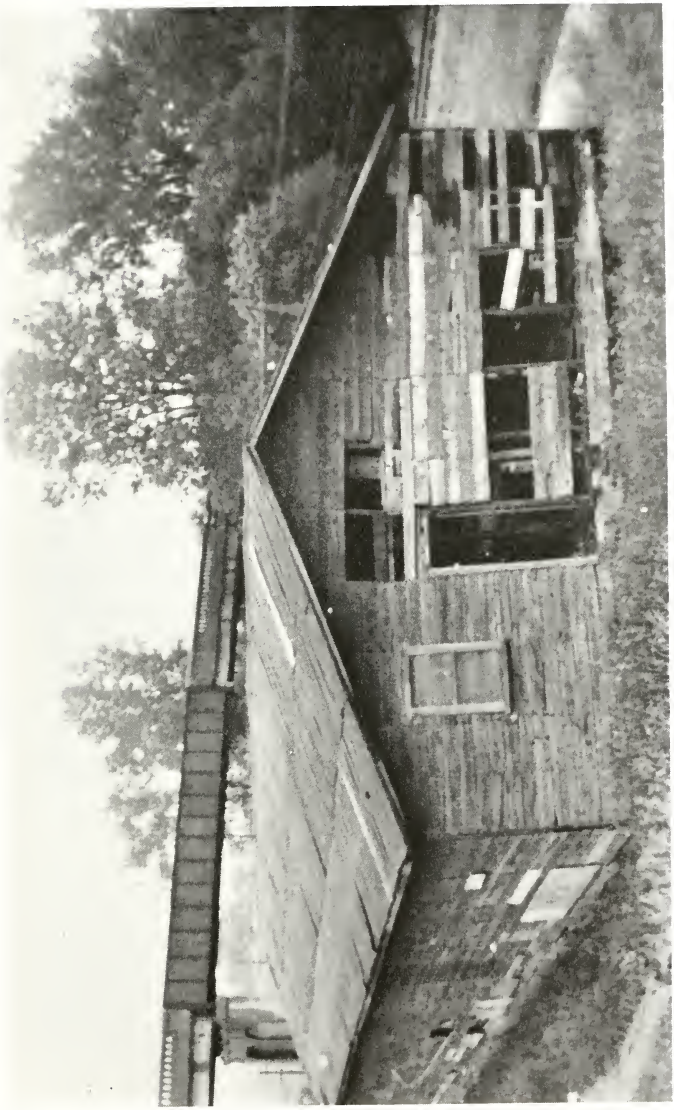
The first ship through the canal, the steamer *U.S. Marion* at Lock 2 on November 8, 1907. (Photograph courtesy of Clarence Sapp.)

A portion of the summit west of the feeder. Note the canal's elevation above the surrounding land and the towpath on the left.

Truss bridge at Lock 11 north of Tiskilwa.

A locktender's home. (Photograph courtesy of Clarence Sapp.)

Abandoned locktender's home south of Wyanet at Lock 19.



Abandoned warehouse at Lock 19.

The Mississippi River at Lock 32.

NOTES

This article is dedicated to my father, Daniel Verne Griffin of Sheffield, Illinois, who taught me to appreciate best those things that are closest to home.

[1] Mary M. Yeater, "The Hennepin Canal, Part Three," *Bulletin of the American Canal Society,* No. 21 (May, 1977). (Reprint.)

[2] The impressions are drawn from taped interviews with three persons: Clarence Sapp; Dorothy Ill, whose husband was a locktender on the canal; and my father, whose memories of the canal date from 1913.

Mr. Sapp's and Mrs. Ill's interviews were recorded in June, 1975, and are in the Wyanet, Illinois, public library. The library allowed me to copy the interviews for this article; these tapes are on file in the Archives and Special Collections section of the Western Illinois University Library. My father's recollections of the canal were taped on August 14 and August 16, 1980. This tape is also on file in the same location.

I also met with Mr. Sapp on August 14, 1980. No tape was made of our conversation. The historic photographs in the article were supplied by Mr. Sapp. Copies of the photographs are on file in Archives and Special Collections at the WIU Library.

[3] For a detailed discussion of the politics that characterized the preconstruction period of the Hennepin Canal, see John Leonard Conger and William E. Hull, "The Illinois and Mississippi, or Hennepin Canal," *History of the Illinois River Valley,* (Chicago: S.J. Clarke Publishing Co., 1932), I, 193-224, and Mary M. Yeater, "The Hennepin Canal, Parts One and Two," *Bulletin of the American Canal Society,* Nos. 19 and 20 (November, 1976, and February, 1977). (Reprint.)

[4] Yeater, *op. cit.,* "The Hennepin Canal, Part Two," and "The Hennepin Canal, Part Four," *Bulletin of the American Canal Society,* No. 21 (August, 1977). (Reprint.)

[5] Dorothy Ill, taped interview, June 27, 1975. (Copied August 16, 1980.)

[6] Clarence Sapp, taped interview, June, 1975. (Coped August 16, 1980.)

[7] Clarence Sapp, taped interview.

[8] "Hennepin Canal Historic District, National Register of Historic Places Inventory Nomination Form," July 29, 1977 (Archives and Special Collections, Western Illinois University Library), p. 18. (Prepared by Mary M. Yeater.)

[9] Daniel Verne Griffith, taped interview, August 16, 1980.

[10] "Hennepin Canal Historic District, ...," *op. cit.,* p. 20.

[11] Daniel Verne Griffin, taped interview, August 14, 1980.

[12] Daniel Verne Griffin, taped interview, August 14, 1980.

[13] Clarence Sapp, taped interview.

[14] Daniel Verne Griffin, taped interview, August 14, 1980.

[15] "Hennepin Canal Historic District, ...," *op. cit.,* pp. 20-21.

[16] Daniel Verne Griffin, taped interview, August 14, 1980.

[17] "Hennepin Canal Historic District, ...," *op. cit.,* pp. 22, 25-26.

[18] "Hennepin Canal Historic District, ...," *op. cit.,* p. 7.

[19] "Hennepin Canal Historic District, ...," *op. cit.,* pp. 11-12.

[20] "Hennepin Canal Historic District, ...," *op. cit.,* p. 7.

[21] "Hennepin Canal Historic District, ...," *op. cit.,* p. 30.

[22] Clarence Sapp, taped interview.

[23] Daniel Verne Griffin, taped interview, August 16, 1980.

[24] "Hennepin Canal Historic District, ...," *op. cit.,* p. 14, 18.

[25] Clarence Sapp, taped interview.

[26] Daniel Verne Griffin, taped interview, August 14, 1980.

REGION AS METAPHOR IN THE PLAYS OF SUSAN GLASPELL

Marcia Noe

Susan Glaspell is best known today, if she is known at all, as one of the Provincetown Players, the little theater group active during the second decade of this century whose eagerness to stage original American dramas brought to light the talents of Eugene O'Neill. What is generally unknown today is that during this period, Glaspell shared the spotlight with O'Neill as one of the two most prolific and imaginative playwrights of the group. "In technique Susan Glaspell is undoubtedly the superior of Eugene O'Neill," wrote Andrew Malone in *Dublin Magazine.*[1] Isaac Goldberg called her "one of the few Americans whose progress is worth watching with the same eyes that follow notable European effort. . . ."[2] "If the Provincetown Players had done nothing more than to give us the delicately humorous and sensitive plays of Susan Glaspell they would have amply justified their existence," was critic John Corbin's verdict in his New York Times review of *Bernice.*[3]

The special talents cited by these and other observers of the American stage were recognized in 1931 when Glaspell won the Pulitzer Prize for *Alison's House.* They are evident in her skillful handling of a variety of dramatic modes, ranging from the social satire of *Suppressed Desires* and *Chains of Dew* to the dramatic realism of *Trifles* and *Inheritors* and the expressionism of *The Verge.* Her ability to focus audience attention on a character who never appears onstage was applauded by many who saw *Alison's House, Bernice,* and *Trifles;* those qualities of her plays most often remarked upon were indirection, idealism, and experimentalism.

Another notable quality of many of Glaspell's plays is their regional emphasis. "I live by the sea, but the body of water I have the most feeling about is the Mississippi River . . . ." she wrote near the end of her life, alluding to the two areas of the country that had most influenced her writing.[4] Born in Davenport, Iowa, Glaspell was raised and educated in the Mississippi Valley and began her writing career as a reporter in Davenport and Des Moines. Iowa's cornfields, pioneer homesteads, and Indian heritage are prominent in five of her

Susan Glaspell. Photo taken at her home, 317 E. 12th St., Davenport. From the Berg Collection, New York Public Library.

plays, most notably in *Trifles* and *Inheritors.* Three other plays are set in Provincetown, where Glaspell spent most of her adult life, living, working and socializing with a circle of artists and writers that included Floyd Dell, Sinclair Lewis, Mary Heaton Vorse, and Edna St. Vincent Millay during the time of the Provincetown Players and, later, Edmund Wilson, Mary McCarthy and John Dos Passos. In *The Outside* and *The Comic Artist,* especially, the windswept outreaches of Cape Cod and the Truro woods are settings that bring alive the Provincetown area. These four plays—*Trifles, Inheritors, The Outside,* and *The Comic Artist*—have a uniquely regional flavor in that nature images from the Midwest and the Cape Cod region are used to reveal various characters' mental states.

Throughout her career as a novelist and short story writer, Glaspell used this technique frequently, creating a storm to suggest a character's troubled spirit or a great wind to represent the passion of two lovers. Her use of these not very original metaphors was a result of her studies at Drake University, where, as a philosophy major, she became familiar with Emerson's theory that human emotions have correspondences in nature. The idealistic vision that informs her novels and plays—her faith in intuition and insight as superior modes of knowing, her belief in the primacy of the spirit and in the unity of all experience—is most appropriately expressed through metaphors from nature.

Just as Glaspell used nature metaphors in her fiction to express these ideas and reflect her characters' mental states, so in her plays, setting is used metaphorically for the same purpose. In *Trifles, Inheritors, The Outside,* and *The Comic Artist,* the Iowa heartland and the Cape Cod seacost serve as metaphors for isolation, illustrating various characters' attitudes about their relationship with others. Setting these plays in an Iowa farmhouse, at a Midwestern college in a cornfield, in an abandoned lifesaving station near Provincetown harbor, and at a sequestered Cape Cod artist's retreat respectively, Glaspell shows the effect of isolation upon the human spirit and affirms the importance of the human community for the individual.

A regional play has been defined as one in which "Characters must be rooted and branched like the natural flora of the region."[5] By this definition, the plays discussed here are truly regional, for the characters who inhabit them bear the mark of their regions on their speech, manners, and attitudes. "Last night wasn't the *best* night for a dory," comments one of the lifesavers in *The Outside,* betraying his Cape Cod origin through his use of understatement. "You ain't seen no *wrecks,*" he later boasts. "Don't ever think you have. I was here the night the *Jennie Snow* was out there. There was a *wreck.*"[6] The farm women of *Trifles* also reveal their regional background through

their speech, as does Silas Morton of *Inheritors.* "My father used to talk about Blackhawk—they were friends," he tells his neighbor. "I saw Blackhawk once—when I was a boy. Guess I told you. You know what he looked like? He looked like the great of the earth. Noble, Noble like the forests—and the Mississippi—and the stars."[7] Some characters have been warped by the severity of the demands of their regions. Allie Mayo of *The Outside* epitomizes the taciturn New England seaman's widow who has responded to a life-time of fear and uncertainty by withdrawing from society. Ira Morton of *Inheritors* is also withdrawn and resentful of the sacrifices his family has made for their Iowa community.

Another definition of regional drama has been provided by John Wertz, in his article "American Regional Drama—1920-40: Frustration and Failure." He describes a regional play as "a dramatic composition in which essential elements of plot, theme, tone, characterization, motivation, or conflict are at least partially determined by strongly emphasized local peculiarities of a specific non-urban geographic setting."[8] By this definition, too, the plays discussed here are truly regional. The studio setting of *The Comic Artist* has an unmistakably Cape Cod flavor, for it is filled with things from the sea. Stage directions read, "The prow of an old boat protrudes from right. An anchor leans forgotten in a corner . . . a sea chest under the window serves as a bench."[9] The characters' two-hundred-year-old home makes the Cape Cod past constantly present, from the driftwood bookshelves in the living room to the beach plum jelly and wine they savor and the sound of the surf that accompanies them as they go about their daily chores. Likewise, the Iowa farmhouse where the first and third acts of *Inheritors* take place is filled with artifacts of the Morton family's Iowa past, as Glaspell shows how the spirit of that pioneer heritage has survived through four generations of Mortons.

Glaspell drew upon her experiences as a reporter covering a downstate Iowa murder trial for *Trifles,* her best known and most widely anthologized play. The murder that is the center of interest in *Trifles* raises not the question whodunit? but why?, and setting plays the key role in suggesting the motive for the murder. The perpetrator of the crime, Minnie Wright, has been taken into custody and is never on stage during the play, which unfolds the story of the murder investigation. The sheriff and state's attorney can discover no clues that would indicate why Minnie would strangle her husband, but the farm wives who have accompanied the men to the Wrights' farmhouse find several clues in Minnie's kitchen. The dirty towels, unbaked bread, and unfinished quilting are evidence of a disturbed mind; the canary with its neck wrung found in Minnie's sewing basket is the tip-off clue.

Trying to decide whether to tell the men of their discoveries, Minnie's neighbors blame themselves for abandoning her to a grim life with a taciturn Iowa farmer who refused her a telephone, or even a canary for company. "I could've come," says Mrs. Hale. "I stayed away because it weren't cheerful—and that's why I ought to have come. I—I've never liked this place. Maybe because it's down in a hollow and you don't see the road. I dunno what it is, but it's a lonesome place and always was."[10] Mrs. Peters, although married to the sheriff, eventually condones Minnie's crime. "I know what stillness is. When we homesteaded in Dakota, and my first baby died—after he was two years old, and me with no other then."[11] The farm women allude to the desolate environment of the Wright homestead to show that Minnie strangled her husband out of the desperation people feel when they are isolated from human contact; their feeling of sisterhood with Minnie motivates them to conceal the evidence of her crime. Hence, in *Trifles* Glaspell uses the lonely Iowa farmhouse metaphorically to illustrate the psychological isolation that drove Minnie Wright to murder the man who denied her the relationships with others she needed to function as a fully human person.

The Mississippi Valley represents not only psychological isolation, but political isolation as well in *Inheritors.* This play shows how three generations of Iowans deal with the conflict between individual rights and the obligation to the larger human community. The pioneer settlers of the region espouse to the view that people's concerns should go beyond themselves and their families, an attitude vital to their survival in a harsh wilderness environment. Some go beyond a neighborly concern to include other generations, races, and nationalities. Count Felix Fejevary fought for freedom in Hungary in 1848, then emigrated to Iowa and lost an arm fighting in the Civil War. His neighbor, Silas Morton, is determined, over the objections of his mother, to found a college on family land so that future generations can benefit. He sees this act as a means of making restitution to the Indians for the land his people took from them, and he tells Count Fejevary, "I see that college rising from the soil itself. . . ."[12] But the next generation of Mortons and Fejevarys fails to carry out Silas's dream. By the end of World War I, under the management of Count Fejevary's son, Felix, the college has become conservative and isolationist, sending students into the steel mills as strikebreakers, arresting and expelling Hindu students protesting Britain's colonial policy.

Just as Morton College has withdrawn from world concerns in order to curry favor with Iowa legislators, Silas's son, Ira, has withdrawn from life into a less emotionally draining world of silence and self. Ira's bitterness began when his wife died of diphtheria after

nursing a neighboring immigrant family, and it became stronger after his son died fighting in France. As his retreat from life approaches madness, Ira, hostile to anyone not of his immediate family, becomes obsessed with his drive to breed corn that will be superior to his neighbors'. The same Iowa farmland that represents Silas's dream of engendering learning and a richer life on the prairie also illustrates Ira's isolation from that richer life. As the latter says, "What good has ever come to this house through carin' about the world?" What good's that college? Better we had that hill. . . ."[13]

Although the middle generation has withdrawn from all causes except their own, Silas Morton's spirit is alive in his granddaughter, Madeline, who understands the interconnectedness of all people throughout time and space. To her father's insistence, "I want my field to myself,"[14] she replies, "The world is all a—moving field. Nothing is to itself."[15] Whereas Ira resents the wind which carries the pollen of his near-perfect corn to a neighbor's field, Madeline welcomes the wind. To her it represents the spirit of giving to others in the tradition of Silas Morton. As she explains, "Father has been telling me about the corn. It gives itself away all the time—the best corn a gift to other corn."[16]

Madeline is not only an idealist, but an activist as well. She is thrown into jail after defending the right of the Hindu students to demonstrate against Great Britain, and only her repudiation of this effort will move Fejevary to arrange her release. She stands firm, choosing community and brotherhood—her grandfather's dream—rather than her own self-interest, an expression of Susan Glaspell's conviction that people must resist the impulse toward psychological and political isolation that the Midwestern environment encourages and choose instead a commitment to all human persons. In this play, the Iowa rural setting is used as a metaphor for both isolation and growth, suggesting the barrenness of Ira Morton's and Felix Fejevary's outlooks as well as the vision of brotherhood that Silas and Madeline Morton share.

Just as the Iowa of Susan Glaspell's youth functions as a metaphor for isolation in *Trifles* and *Inheritors,* the Cape Cod of her adult years plays a similar role in *The Comic Artist* and *The Outside.* The latter play takes place on the outside shore of Cape Cod, a lonely area where the struggle of the trees to grow against the countervailing force of the sand dunes suggests the struggle of the forces of life to prevail against the forces of annihilation. The setting of *The Outside* also represents the struggle that takes place between the play's main characters. Mrs. Patrick, who has taken up residence in an abandoned life-saving station there, wants to desert life as her husband has deserted her; Allie Mayo has lost a husband to the sea and finds the environment of the outside shore congenial for similar

reasons. The efforts of a pair of sailors to revive a drowned man make Allie Mayo realize the folly of rejecting the human community, and she tries to make Mrs. Patrick realize this, too. To bolster her argument, she uses the outside region as a metaphor to describe the struggle of the human spirit to live and prevail in a world of conflict, frustration, and heartbreak. "I know where you're going! What you'll try to do. Over there. Bury it. The life in you. Bury it—watching the sand bury the woods. But I'll tell you something! *They* fight too. The woods! They fight for life the way that Captain fought for life in there!"[17] Although the lifesavers are unable to revive the drowning victim, Allie Mayo is able to make Mrs. Patrick see that there is value in the struggle to live, grow, and develop as a person among others, however difficult and painful that struggle may be.

In *The Comic Artist,* one of Susan Glaspell's most complex and ambiguous plays, her attitude toward isolation is ambivalent. The play concerns two brothers, Karl Rolf, a successful and gifted cartoonist, and his older brother, Stephen, a painter who is only slightly talented. The irony inherent in the mismatch of talents and crafts is compounded by the irony of their respective situations. Karl's social-climbing wife, Nina, encouraged by her mother, Louella, demands a fancy car, a fur coat, and a country club lifestyle. Strangely enough, her materialistic impulses don't impede Karl's work. By contrast, Stephen's wife, Eleanor, has carefully created a serene environment in the secluded Cape Cod home of her ancestors that has somehow failed to inspire her husband to paint a great picture.

In the plays previously discussed, the regional setting has worked for the most part, as a metaphor for an isolation depicted as life-denying and dehumanizing, but in *The Comic Artist* self-sufficiency rather than isolation is suggested by the setting of the play. From the home where her great-grandfather set off on whaling voyages, Eleanor has gathered about her the artifacts of her past and the bounty of Cape Cod to give herself a sense of identity and to give Stephen the sense of security and self-sufficiency they both believe to be necessary for his development as an artist. "We've been so deep in it here—painting, gathering things, making wine, we forget about the post office," Stephen explains to Louelle.[18] Just as the outside coast of Cape Cod was used as a metaphor for Mrs. Patrick's withdrawal from life, the harmonious seclusion Eleanor has created suggests her belief that it is important to be self-reliant and to refrain from imposing one's beliefs and values upon others.

But the arrival of Karl, Nina, and Louella for a weekend visit and the events that their stay precipitates show Eleanor's quest for a life of harmony apart from others to be as futile as Ira Morton's desire that the wind cease to blow pollen from his perfect corn into his

neighbor's field. Nina's attempt to seduce Stephen, her former lover, shatters the peace of Eleanor and Stephen's refuge. When Stephen suggests they make Karl aware of Nina's unworthiness, Eleanor reiterates her belief that it is wrong to interfere in others' lives, yet when she finds Stephen and Nina in an embrace, she shares her discovery with Karl and later tells Nina that Stephen's response was merely a ploy to trap her into betraying Karl so that he will leave her for his own good. Nina fights back by rushing out and threatening to throw herself into the sea, hoping that Stephen will leave Eleanor to comfort her. Louella then tells Karl of what she has done, representing what is obviously a play for attention as an act of desperation in the hope that Karl will pursue her and they will reconcile. Ironically, it is Karl whom the sea destroys when he goes out to rescue Nina. His death completes a chain of events tha proves Eleanor's insistence that it is wrong to meddle in other's lives.

But the play also suggests that just as manipulation and interference can have tragic consequences, our lives are so bound up with others within the human community that our actions have an ineluctable impact upon other lives as well as upon our own. *The Comic Artist* raises many questions and conveys many ironies. Is Stephen's response to Nina's advances sincere or contrived? Can the artist who isolates himself from others better practice his craft than the artist who participates fully in life? Is it more selfish to draw back and refuse to intrude upon the lives of others, or to force upon others our own values and insights? All of the ambiguities in *The Comic Artist* are heightened by the Cape Cod seacoast setting, used as a metaphor for an isolation which can be both a nurturing and a destructive force for the artist.

In the regional dramas of Susan Glaspell, the Mississippi Valley and the Massachusetts coastal region function as metaphors for isolation: the isolation sought by the artist from a society that threatens his talent, the psychological isolation that is a refuge for the individual from whom life has exacted too much emotional tribute, the isolated environment that can precipitate madness and violence if some contact with others is not provided, the political isolationist spirit of the post-World War I era. In *Trifles, Inheritors, The Outside,* and *The Comic Artist,* Glaspell shows through her regional settings that isolation can be a powerful force in crushing the human spirit, and that our connections with others in the human community are crucial to our development as individuals and are inextricably bound up with our individual destinies.

NOTES

A version of this paper was read for the Drama Division of the Modern Language Association during its annual convention on December 28, 1980 in Houston, Texas.

[1] Andrew E. Malone, "Susan Glaspell," *Dublin Magazine,* 2 (1924-25), 107-11.

[2] Isaac Goldberg, *The Drama of Transition* (Cincinnati: Stuart Kidd Co., 1922), p. 474.

[3] John Corbin, "Zeraphim and Cats," *New York Times,* 30 Mar. 1919, section 8, p. 2.

[4] Susan Glaspell, "Here is the piece. . .," Susan Glaspell papers, Berg Collection, New York Public Library.

[5] Felix Sper, *From Native Roots: A Panorama of Our Regional Drama* (Caldwell, Idaho: Caxton Printers, Ltd., 1948), p. 38.

[6] Glaspell, *The Outside,* in *Plays* (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co., 1920), p. 102.

[7] Glaspell, *Inheritors* (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co., 1921), p. 24.

[8] John Wertz, "American Regional Drama—1920-40: Frustration and Fulfillment," *Modern Drama* 6 (1963), 286-93.

[9] Susan Glaspell and Norman Matson, *The Comic Artist* (New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co., 1927), p. 39.

[10] Glaspell, *Trifles,* in *Plays* (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co., 1920), p. 21.

[11] Ibid., p. 26.

[12] *Inheritors,* p. 44.

[13] Ibid., pp. 146-47.

[14] Ibid., p. 151.

[15] Ibid., p. 153.

[16] Ibid., p. 154.

[17] *The Outside,* p. 111.

[18] *The Comic Artist,* p. 17.

NOTES AND DOCUMENTS

The present Notes and Documents section inaugurates a new feature of *WIRS*. For many years we have been aware that there were no bibliographies of publications pertaining to western Illinois counties. Of course, some counties and towns have received much attention because their histories contain incidents of national importance, and there are readily available bibliographic sources for those. But the great majority of counties have not been considered unique enough to warrant separate bibliographies. Consequently, it is very difficult for today's researcher to locate information about them.

There are several causes for this lack of bibliographic visibility. Local histories have traditionally been directed primarily toward limited audiences, the early county histories and atlasses having been published for advanced subscribers only. The practice is common even today. Furthermore, local histories differ greatly in coverage and level of scholarship. They are often of ephemeral nature, written to accompany celebrations of special anniversaries. Many titles appear in small editions and are printed by little known presses, often at the writer's expense. The volumes frequently lack title pages, names and places of publishers, and dates. This makes them difficult to catalog. Because their authors and publishers are often not aware that the Library of Congress, the nation's largest library, systematically collects and catalogs all publications produced in the United States, copies of books do not get sent there and so do not appear in the *National Union Catalog*. Even a user familiar with a particular county is liable to miss some of these publications because there is no easy way of finding out whether anything was published, much less by whom and where.

Local historical publications, however, are becoming important. They are used in ever increasing numbers by historians, community developers, preservationists, and sociologists. Previously considered only as entertainment for history buffs and persons in pursuit of their ancestors, such publications are gradually being accepted as

valid historical resources.

There is a simple reason for this new respectability. Local histories contain information which, for the most part, is not duplicated anywhere else. The experiences of ordinary people, their achievements, their organizations, and their social and political life, underlie broad national trends. By comparing community development with that of the nation, conclusions can be drawn regarding the uniqueness of each locale. Thus, even though the information contained in these local publications is hard to substantiate and is often of dubious origin, slanted, fragmentary, and self important, it frequently contains data not found anywhere else. In this way, local historical publications emerge as unique sources of information. They not only illuminate the times they describe, but just as importantly, they reveal the values of their creators. With this in mind, the editors of the *WIRS* have initiated the forthcoming series of county bibliographies.

The bibliographies will be compiled with the help of librarians, members of historical societies, and knowledgeable individuals. Every effort will be made to identify all pertinent books, pamphlets, and cartographic sources. However, because of the nature of local publications, it is entirely possible that important titles may be omitted. Readers who become aware of such omissions are invited to send the necessary information to this journal. Added items will be listed as addenda in subsequent issues of *WIRS*. By making these bibliographies as comprehensive as possible, we hope to facilitate research and bring attention to the rich heritage of the Western Illinois region.

Bibliography of Fulton County Historical Publications

This bibliography includes separately published books, brochures and maps. Only publications which deal primarily with Fulton County or some aspect of Fulton County were included. The bibliography does not contain periodical articles, scrapbooks, clippings, manuscripts, photographic collections, and genealogical studies on individual families. In order to find these kinds of materials, several sources and locations can be recommended. The Canton Public Library and the collection of the Fulton County Historical and Genealogical Society, which is housed in that library, have collections of clippings, manuscripts, and photographs about the county. In addition, the library also maintains an extremely useful index to articles on local subjects which have been published over years in the *Fulton County Ledger*. The Illinois State Historical Library in Springfield, the Illinois Historical Survey Library at the

University of Illinois, and Western Illinois University Library in Macomb also have printed and manuscript materials on the history of the county. The Museum at Dickson Mounds, the county's most famous archaeological site, contains a library with extensive literature on the subject of prehistoric cultures of the Illinois River Valley.

The Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society and *Transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society* contain numerous articles on the county. Both publications are indexed in great depth and thus are easy to use. A 1939 issue of *Illinois Quest* (Vol. 1, No. 6) also carried a number of articles on Fulton County.

The present bibliography is divided into several sections. The items within each section are listed alphabetically by author or title, depending on how prominently this information is displayed. The atlases and maps are listed in chronological order, as are the census publications, because this arrangement was considered more useful for historical research. The sections cover prehistory, the generally history of the county, particular aspects, atlases, maps and platbooks, and finally, censuses and general genealogical sources of information. Publications on towns are listed in alphabetical sequence by town name.

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Harn, Alan D. *The Prehistory of Dickson Mounds; A Preliminary Report.* Springfield: Illinois State Museum, 1971. 137 p.

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Smith, Hale Gilliam. *The Crable Site, Fulton County, Illinois, a Late Prehistoric Site in the Central Illinois Valley.* Ann Arbor, Mich.: University of Michigan Press, 1951. 53 p.

General County Histories

Canton Daily Ledger, *Presenting the Progress and Achievement of Fulton County.* Canton, Ill.: Canton Daily Ledger and Daily Register, 1949. 7 sections.

Chandler, Josephine Craven. *The Spoon River Country.* n.p.: Amaquonsippi Chapter, DAR, 1977. 329 p. This is a reprint of an article which appeared in *The Journal of the State Historical Society,* 14 (1921).

Depler, John. *Favorite Columns: Selections from His Newspaper Columns, "The Years That Were," Published in The Fulton County News, The Cuba Journal and The Canton Community Sentinel.* Canton: Mid County Press, 1969. 94 p.

Drury, John. *This is Fulton County, Illinois: An Up-to-date Historical Narrative with County Map and Many Unique Aerial Photographs of Cities, Towns, Villages, and Farmsteads.* Chicago: Loree Company, 1954. 478 p.

Fulton County Historical Society, *Historic Fulton County; Sites and Scenes, Past and Present,* ed. Graydon W. and Ada Y. Regenos. Lewistown: Mid County Press, 1973. 326 p.

Historical Encyclopedia of Illinois, ed. by Newton Bateman and Paul Selby, and *History of Fulton County,* ed. Jesse Heylin. Chicago: Munsell, 1908. 1213 p.

A History of Fulton County, Illinois, in Spoon River Country, 1818-1968. ed. Helen Hollandsworth Clark. n.p.: Fulton County Board of Supervisors, with the cooperation of the Fulton County Historical Society, 1969. 297 p.

History of Fulton County, Illinois, Together with Sketches of Its Cities, Villages and Townships, Educational, Religious, Civil, Military and Political History .... and Biographies of Representative Citizens ... Peoria, Ill.: C.C. Chapman, 1879. 1090 p. This history is also available in a 1975 reprint edition.

Portrait and Biographical Album of Fulton County, Illinois, Containing Full-Page Portraits and Biographical Sketches of Prominent and Representative Citizens of the County.... Also Containing the History of the County, from its Earliest Settlement to the Present Time. Chicago: Biographical Publishing Co., 1890. 898 p.

Ramblin' thru Spoon River Country Via the Rambler's Notes, produced by the Publications Committee of the Spoon River Scenic Drive Association. Canton, Ill.: Canton Daily Ledger, 1970. 107 p.

Regan, John. *The Emigrant's Guide to the Western States of America; or Backwoods and Prairies. . . .* Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd, 1852, 408 p.

Special Aspects of the County History

Fulton County Historical and Genealogical Society, *Newsletter.* Bushnell, Ill.: Spoon River Press, 1970-. This quarterly publication carries full-length feature articles in addition to short notes and genealogical information.

Fulton County, Illinois, School Survey Committee. *Final report.* n.p., 1948. 10 p.

Haney, M.L. *The Story of My Life: An Autobiography.* Normal, Ill.: The Author, 1904. 397 p.

Inventory of Historic Landmarks in Fulton County: Interim Report, prepared by the Illinois Historic Landmarks Survey. n.p., 1973. 15 p.

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Prairie Farmer's Directory of Fulton County, Illinois: Complete Directory of the Farmers of Fulton County, with Valuable Information about Each Farm . . . Breeders' Directory . . . Business Directory . . . Valuable Statistics and General Information. Chicago: Prairie Farmer Publishing Company, 1917. 176 p. Also available in a 1978 reprint edition.

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Scott, Albert. *The Bench and Bar of Fulton County.* Canton, Ill.: n.p., 1968. 67 p.

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Swartzbaugh, Constance H. *The Episcopal Church in Fulton County, Illinois, 1835-1959; with Some Early History of the Episcopal Church in Illinois and the English Settlement at Albion.* Canton, Ill.: Canton Daily Ledger, 1959, 187 p.

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(listed in order of publication)

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Atlas Map of Fulton County, Illinois. Davenport, Iowa: Andreas, Lyter, 1871. 128 p.

Plat Book of Fulton County, Illinois. Chicago: American Atlas Co., 1895. 94 p.

Standard Atlas of Fulton County Illinois. Including a Plat Book of the Villages, Cities and Townships of the County. . . . Patrons' Directory, Reference Business Directory. . . . Chicago: George A. Ogle and Co., 1912. 133 p.

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Plat Book of Fulton County, Illinois. Rockford, Ill.: W.W. Hixson, 1930. 28 maps.

Fulton County Farm Directory. n.p., 1938. 58 p.

Stacy's Farm Plat Book, Fulton County, Illinois. Rockford, Ill.: Stacy Map Publishers, 1943. 24 p.

Chestnut, John Martin. *Plat Book, Fulton County, Illinois.* Springfield, Ill.: Williamson Press, 1948. 72 p.

Farm Plat Book and Business Guide, Fulton County, Illinois. Rockford, Ill.: Rockford Map Publishers, 1951. 69 p.

Official County Plat Book and Farmers' Directory of Fulton County. Mankato, Minn.: Official Farm Plat Book and Directory Co., 1962. 55 p.

Fulton County, Illinois Farm and Ranch Directory. Algona, Iowa: Directory Service Co., 1966. 56 p.

Farm Plat Book, Fulton County, Illinois. Rockford, Ill.: Rockford Map Publishers, 1958. 40 p.

Tri-annual Atlas & Plat Book, Fulton County, Illinois. Rockford, Ill.: Rockford Map Publishers, 1964-. The plat books published by Rockford Map Publishers vary somewhat in their titles but contain essentially the same type of information.

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Rural Directory of Fulton County, Illinois. Rockford, Ill.: American Directory Co., n.d. 36 p.

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Censuses and General Genealogical Information

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Index to 1830 Census of Fulton County, Ill. Canton, Ill.: Fulton County Historical and Genealogical Society, 1973? 4 p.

Census of 1840 Fulton County, Illinois, with an Index. Compiled by Graydon W. and Ada Y. Regenos. Lewistown, Ill.: The Fulton County Historical Society, 1974. 42 p.

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BOOK REVIEWS

THE STRUCTURING OF A STATE: THE HISTORY OF ILLINOIS, 1899-1928. By Donald F. Tingley. Urbana: The University of Illinois Press, 1980. Pp. 452. $20.00

In this second of the three projected volumes of the Sesquicentennial History of Illinois, Donald F. Tingley has produced a book that is encyclopedic and widely-researched. There is nothing else quite like it; it will serve as a basic resource for years to come.

The volume could not have been easy to write, for 1899-1928 was not exactly a heroic age in Illinois history. It was a period of major, if undramatic achievement in some areas, abortive development in others. It was a time of consolidation of trends already well set in both urban and rural areas of the state, and accelerated by the introduction of such agents as electricity and the internal combustion engine. Culturally, it was a period in which promising evidence that Chicago might become a literary and artistic center of world significance proved ultimately misleading. Neither entrepreneurial nor political giants graced the Illinois stage, with the possible exceptions in the former case of Samuel Insull or the traction promoter William McKinley. In politics, as Tingley ruefully admits, the ablest candidates had trouble getting elected; the best-known figures were buffoons and boodlers, the likes of Bathhouse John and Hinky Dink, William Hale Thompson and Len Small. Indeed Illinois was acquiring a degree of notoriety, rather than national fame, for political corruption, urban outlawry, and ferocious war against Black people.

That this period witnessed improvements in productivity and living levels for many Illinoisians Tingley constantly emphasizes; and he wants it understood that as nearly as possible his book is to be a "people's" history and a chronicle of such changes. His organization therefore is topical, and somewhat traditional, with emphasis on industry, agriculture, labor, transportation, politics, high and popular culture, and the like. Some of his chapters are indeed superior; his treatment of agriculture is clearly that of one who is not only master

of the subject matter but who knows farming from experience. He is most interpretive in Chapter 9, detailing the rise of consumerism and the hard sell in the 1920's, carefully enumerating both the benefits from the new wealth of consumer goods, and the attendant costs to human values and to the environment. However, since so much of the change was quantitative, one would wish that the author had given us more tabular and graphic evidence of it. There are useful time series available for the period that show more clearly than a narrative account ever can, differentials in wages, prices, productivity and mobility, over the time period in question.

And of course no book is perfect. Tingley's two political chapters deal almost entirely with the state and Federal campaigns of 1900 and 1928, at the expense of systematic treatment of state administrative and legislative activity. His chapter on transportation, while fascinating about passenger trains and interurbans and thorough on the impact of the automobile, says little about the railroad freight business and nothing about Illinois's inland waterways, which were undergoing revival during the book's time period.

But these caveats are minor. This is a good book to read a chapter at a time, and to savor. For any Illinoisian, it is a fine investment, and a worthy companion to the other Centennial and Sesquicentennial volumes.

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THE PUBLIC AND THE PRIVATE LINCOLN: CONTEMPORARY PERSPECTIVES. Edited by Cullom Davis, Charles B. Strozier, Rebecca Monroe Veach, and Geoffrey C. Ward. Carbondale and Edwardsville, Ill.: Southern Illinois University Press, 1979. Pp. x, 182. $18.95

These nine essays, most of them by scholars prominent in the Lincoln and Civil War field, represent the choicest fruits of a Lincoln conference held at Sangamon State University. The first essay, "The Search for Identity and Love in Young Lincoln," by Charles B. Strozier, is easily the most provocative. Drawing on psychoanalytic theory, particularly the work of Erik Erickson, Strozier takes a fresh look at the well-known story of Lincoln's odd courtship of Mary Owens and Mary Todd, arguing that his tortuous path to a marriage involved the resolution of conflicts over both his professional and private identity. Whether or not Strozier's controversial view wins

acceptance, he has transcended Ruth Painter Randall's account of an "appealing love story" and raised questions which deserve answers.

In the other essays, Kathryn Kish Sklar asks why Mary Lincoln had as many children (4) as she did and no more. In the process, she relates Mary Lincoln to domestic patterns of other American women of the Victorian period. Roy P. Basler, discussing "Lincoln, Blacks, and Women," apparently influenced by contemporary feminism, offers insights drawn from his long acquaintance with Lincoln's writings. Basler finds Lincoln "ungenerous" (p. 47) in rejecting Anna Ella Carroll's claim for $50,000 for patriotic pamphleteering; others would rather see Lincoln surrender Fort Sumter to Jefferson Davis than public funds to Miss Carroll.

A section of essays on Lincoln and the idea of progress contains an essay by G. S. Boritt presenting his view of the importance of economic ideas to Lincoln, sketching concepts which received fuller explication in Boritt's subsequent and influential book, *Lincoln and the Economics of the American Dream* (1978). Norman Graebner expands this theme by tracing Lincoln's involvement with internal improvements and national economic development before the Civil War. George Fredrickson contributes a discussion of Lincoln's belief in the concept of order, placing him in the context of an enlightened conservatism which did not rule out radical innovation in the interest of stability.

A more traditional third section ends the book. Christopher N. Breiseth contributes to local history in his discussion of the coverage of the 1858 senatorial campaign in Springfield newspapers. Don E. Fehrenbacher briskly and gracefully analyzes the tension between majority rule and minority rights in the Lincoln administration, wrestling with the problems caused by Lincoln's Whiggish view of presidential power overborne by wartime necessities which forced him to take extraordinary executive action. "It is a long way from the splendor of emancipation to the shame of Watergate, and yet a line of historical influence runs between them," he reminds us (p. 129). Richard N. Current concludes by putting Lincoln in the context of belief in an American mission with an implied secular religion.

Some essays are somewhat perfunctory, indicating that the authors share with Detroit's beleaguered automakers the perils of attempting to create new and improved models each year. As a whole, however, the book contains sufficient insight and novelty to justify the price of admission.

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"YOUR AFFECTIONATE HUSBAND, J. F. CULVER": LETTERS WRITTEN DURING THE CIVIL WAR. Edited by Leslie W. Dunlap, with notes by Edwin C. Bearss. Iowa City, Iowa: Friends of The University of Iowa Libraries, 1978. Pp. xvi, 466.

Joseph F. Culver was born in 1834 near Carlisle, Pennsylvania. In December of 1861, he married Mary Murphy in Pontiac, Illinois, where he had moved nearly two years earlier. In August of 1862 he left his young wife, who was now pregnant, in order to join the 129th Illinois Infantry Regiment, then forming up in central Illinois. He was educated, religious, and devoted as a husband, and he obviously looked upon his letters to his wife as both tokens of affection for his spouse and a record of his participation in a great war. For students of genealogy and of current affairs, it is more than passing importance that his grandson was, until recently, a U.S. senator from Iowa: his name, John C. Culver.

Those are the bare bones of the broad outline which editor Leslie W. Dunlap lays down for his readers. The letters which follow are a detailed and sometimes gossipy treatment of J. F. Culver's association with the U. S. Army. He reports on the rumors concerning various general officers, he returns gossip to his wife concerning men in his own company from Pontiac, he pecksniffs at stories concerning the amorous activities of various individuals back home, and he tells his wife juicy little tidbits about the visits of Pontiac wives to their husbands in camp. All of this is quite interesting, of course, for Culver is a true product of the age in which he lived. He is a stern methodist (once having been an "exhorter" at revival services back in Illinois). Religious as he is, he does not cavil at possible terrible vengeance upon the South. Blacks come and go in his military life, but he does not seem concerned about problems relating to their freedom.

The book has a great deal of attraction, not just from the letters, but to a great extent from the annotations by Edwin C. Bearss. To write that it is fine-toothed and ultimate is almost an understatement. Every name dropped by J. F. Culver is traced down, if possible, every movement of the regiment is explained. We find, for example, E. W. Capron, one of many individuals mentioned by Culver, was a Pontiac physician whose personal estate was valued at $600 in 1860. Other footnotes, such as one dealing with John E. Haley, tell us the mustering-in date, the convalescence period after illness, and the mustering-out date. It is all very impressive—so much so in fact that this reviewer almost enjoyed the notes more than the letters.

One may suppose that this is part of the fascination which genealogy holds for many. On an early page in the volume, Bearss annotates Culver's reference to a Mrs. Bay from Pontiac. The name

struck a familiar note and this reviewer rushed to his baseball encyclopedia. There it was—one Harry "Deerfoot" Bay, a player for Cleveland at the turn of the century. Born in Pontiac in 1878, he may well have been the goal Mrs. Bay sought when she visited her husband in camp in 1862.

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